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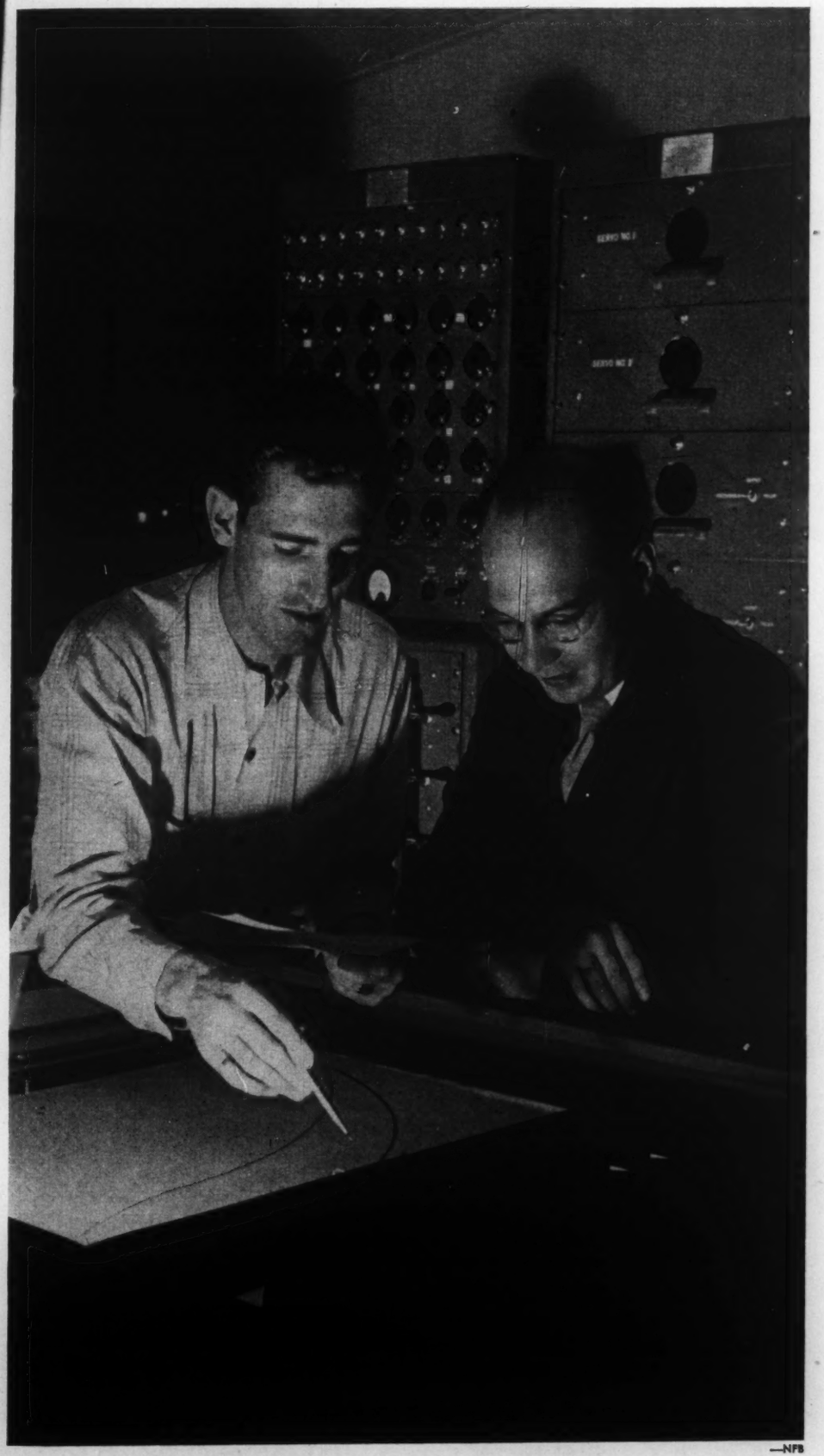

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SEEKING AN ANSWER: Defence Research experts use the electronic brain.

SCIENCE MUST BE FREE TO SERVE HUMANITY

by Edmund S. Carpenter

LET US be frank about it. The scientific spirit is gradually dying in our universities. And this is not the result of official censorship, but of broad changes in our society as a whole. The problem involves many factors, not the least of which is the influence of military preparedness.

There is much talk of scientific freedom, but not enough of what it is for. Its value rests not upon any supposed divinity, but upon the plain fact of its social usefulness, indeed, its indispensability. It was not created in a single day, but arose from a slowly developed conviction among people that when useful knowledge was desired, free inquiry was a necessary thing. Scientific freedom was developed, therefore, not as a favor to impractical dreamers, but for the coldly pragmatic reason that it had survival value.

Milton stated the faith: "And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

The purpose of free inquiry was to ensure that Truth did grapple fairly with Falsehood. What the people wanted was a free and open encounter. Assured of that, they were willing to take their chances on Truth's winning out in the end.

But this was only half of the problem. For ours was not only a democracy, but a society resting firmly on scientific grounds. As such it was necessary to develop certain habits of mind, connected with the scientific outlook, which encouraged the production of new ideas. It was not enough to allow old ideas unrestrained freedom; new ideas were needed as well.

NOW SCIENCE has two aspects. On the one hand there is technical research within an established frame of reference. On the other hand there is what is called, for lack of a better name, the "scientific outlook." These two operations are generally bound up together, but either can, and sometimes does, exist without the other. Until near the end of the 18th century, the scientific habit of mind existed without the great technological research which later revolutionized our industry. Conversely, a people lacking this spirit of science—perhaps even openly opposed to it—may take over theories and techniques developed elsewhere, and even make minor improvements in them. Witness the case of Japan.

But science, without a free spirit of inquiry, cannot long endure. True, in this stage it can often produce practical results which to the layman appear far more important than the intangible theories which laid the groundwork for the inventions themselves. But it will not survive. Worse still,

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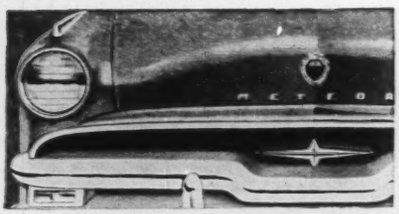

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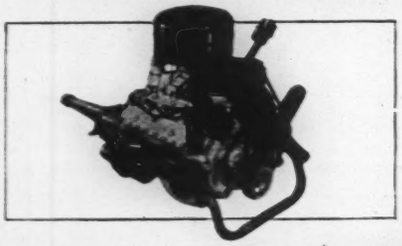

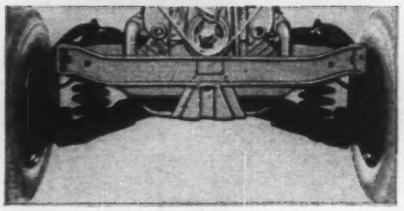

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THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
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NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PROFESSOR MARSHALL MCLUHAN, of the English Department of St. Michael's College and author of the book "The Mechanical Bride", writes a witty and penetrating article "Comics and Culture" . . . Desertion of a wife and family by a runaway husband is a social sin, but wives leave their families in the lurch too. ASSOCIATE EDITOR HUGH GARNER looks into this question in "The Case of the Deserted Husband" . . . FOREIGN EDITOR WILLSON WOODSIDE in "The Lattimore Case" discusses a trial which promises to be one of the most sensational in the U.S. since the Hiss Case . . . FINANCIAL EDITOR W. P. SNEAD analyzes the Canadian paper industry and as the hinge for his discussion chooses Consolidated Paper as a typical company . . . A Spring Fashion spread of pictures is presented for women . . . Other features include sparkling comment and crisp writing from SATURDAY NIGHT's contributors including Beverley Nichols (Letter from London) and Robertson Davies on Books.

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OTTAWA LETTER

Unity of the Nation

by John A. Stevenson

THE DIE has apparently been cast against a general election before the Coronation, to which there are two strong objections. Firstly, it is desirable that a general election should provide as complete a registry as possible of the political sentiments of the nation and a contest in May, when the farmers are busy with seeding operations and the country roads are in poor condition in many places, would find many rural voters abstaining from the polls. Secondly the Prime Minister is due to lead to London a delegation representative of all shades of opinion, which will seek to proclaim the unity of the Canadian people in their loyal homage to Queen Elizabeth and it would be unfortunate if its harmony were impaired by the aftermath of bitterness between parties, which the acrimonious controversies of a general election too often produce. So Mr. St. Laurent deserves credit for giving a broad view of the interest and unity of the nation precedence over the considerations of party advantage, which a wing of his followers were urging upon him.

Equally commendable is his decision to mark the 100th anniversary of the birth of Sir Robert Borden at Grand Pré in Nova Scotia in 1854 by asking Parliament for a vote for the erection of a statue of this eminent statesman on Parliament Hill. Sir Robert was not a colorful personality like Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfred Laurier, but the discerning eye of history may well appraise his record of service to his country as not less meritorious than the contributions of his two great predecessors.

Toward the close of his life Gladstone said that Sir Robert Peel was on the whole the greatest man he had ever known. Sir Robert Borden had many of Peel's qualities and, ranking as he does with Peel as one of the great Conservative reformers of the British Commonwealth, he deserves a monument at the scene of his public labors. Let it be counted heavily for grace to Mr. St. Laurent that he has done an inestimable service to his country in reviving a practice of generosity to political opponents and an appreciation that the national should always prevail over the party interest, both of which had vanished under his immediate predecessor, save on rare occasions.

THE proceedings of Parliament in the past weeks have not been exhilarating. The sessions of the special committee, established to investigate the expenditures under the program of defence, have not produced the expected fireworks. Since the Progressive Conservative party had argued that it would be a waste of time to reinvestigate the irregularities disclosed by the Currie report, its representatives on the committee felt that they would stultify themselves if they questioned Mr. Currie when he gave testimony.

He proved an admirable witness and, while he emphasized that his report did not condemn the whole army, but merely its works' services, he neither withdrew nor modified any of its criticisms. And his refusal to retreat from his opinion that top-ranking military men and high officials of the Department of National Defence must share the blame for the irregularities uncovered has been construed by the opposition as fortifying their demand that Mr. Currie should be employed upon a much wider inquiry.

In the debate upon the bill authorizing the appointment of Mr. Campney as Associate Minister of National Defence, the opposition attacked this move as merely putting a patch upon a rotten structure, which needed a general overhaul, and argued that the importance of air power, which now absorbs about half of the annual outlay for defence, called for a separate Minister for Air. But the Government held stubbornly to its view that the plan of an Associate Minister alone could preserve the necessary unity in the administration of the program of defence and made light of the opposition's jibes that the results of that unity were not very satisfactory.

THE Government is in a serious quandary about the irrigation scheme projected for part of the valley of the South Saskatchewan river. The report of a Royal Commission, which pronounced against it as uneconomical, sounded like a political death-knell to many of the 15 Liberal members from Saskatchewan and later the members of the CCF and Mr. Diefenbaker assailed the report and raked up the pledges of the Liberal party on the subject, some of these mournful Liberals straddled the fence by subscribing to the indictment of the report and declining to withdraw their confidence in the good intentions of the Government. But it is hard to see how Mr. Gardiner, after describing the report as one of the silliest documents he has ever read, can remain in a Cabinet which accepts it. So the probability is that the Government will come to the rescue of its distracted followers from Saskatchewan by some plan of compromise, under which it will assist a modified version of the project, restricted to works of irrigation and excluding the proposed power development.

But the session is passing without any serious attention being paid by our politicians to a very serious problem. In the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Professor Sumner H. Slichter of Harvard University, a conservative economist of high repute, makes a very powerful argument that the foreign policy of the United States is doomed to failure because it has not been provided with the essen-

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EDITORIALS

Fear That Clouds The Minds of Men

ACCORDING to a doctor we met the other day, fear is a good thing for the body, because it serves as a sort of tonic, putting new life into old glands and fresh vigor into tired blood. We enjoyed listening to him; his theory put us on a more friendly footing with bodily fear, which was pleasant because we are not one of those persons who go looking for danger to spice the flatness of daily living. But such fear, after all, is important only to the individual, being a chemical process in one body. The doctor had nothing to say about the fog of fright which can slide into men's minds and blind their good sense.

There seems to be a lot of that fog about these days, as men become fearful of the things which not so long ago they considered more dear to them than life itself—such things as individual liberty. And the fog gives protective cover to all the other twisted apprehensions that sprout in the mind when reason is absent. It clouds the judgment so that it is impossible for the mind to recognize what is just or unjust, wise or foolish.

It is this sort of fear which has led to a boycott in the United States of the Charlie Chaplin film "Limelight." Several theatres on the West Coast cancelled showings of the film after threats of picketing by branches of the American Legion. The Legion members have not said they object to "Limelight," but they intend to stop people from seeing it because they object to Charlie Chaplin; and they do not like Mr. Chaplin because they fear his private thoughts, or at least what they suspect are his private thoughts. They have been told by some of their leaders that Mr. Chaplin, if not a card-carrying member of the Communist Party, has been mixed up in some pretty rosy goings-on; they are scared of Communism, therefore they are scared of Mr. Chaplin, therefore they are scared of Mr. Chaplin's films.

What the members of the Legion are doing, of course, is imposing their own kind of thought control on their fellows because they fear a system which is built on thought control; and this itself is a frightening thing, for thought control is evil no matter what name is given to it. Thus fear begets fear, and confusion is compounded.

It does not seem to matter that Mr. Chaplin has never been tried in a proper court on charges of carrying on subversive activity or the like; it is enough that somebody in office has said he may be an undesirable person to have in the United States. That is sufficient excuse to force theatres to cancel the showings of his films, without any regard for their worth or for the fact that Mr. Chaplin's pictures are all based on the theme of the poor little individual struggling to retain his identity in a near-totalitarian civilization—a theme which certainly does not fit into the Communist philosophy.

We hold no brief for Mr. Chaplin himself, but it is intolerable that in North America, where men's talk about freedom is long and loud, people should be forbidden to look at his films because some other people are scared stiff of something they have been told the actor believes in. If this sort of a fear-action continues, we'll be seeing the public burning of such books as the "Republic" because some group objects to Plato's reasoning, and the denunciation of neighbor by neighbor because of something that was whispered over a back fence.

"He'd Look a Lot Deader If He'd Close Both Eyes"

Eggs and Spots

THERE IS something very puzzling about eggs. Not so long ago we kept a flock of hens, for our own use, for amusement and, we hoped, for a little profit. It was an educational experience, if not so amusing as we had expected; we soon learned that hens lay all sorts of eggs other than Grade A Large, and that eggs which have slight flaws like blood spots in them are called "rots." We did not get the rots back from the grader, and we were not paid for them because it was said they could not be sold.

The other morning our breakfast menu was changed because the last two eggs in a carton marked Grade A had huge blood spots in them. There is always the possibility, of course, that those eggs had been inspected by a grader in the throes of a hangover; but we can't help wondering what really happened to those rots for which we never collected any cash.

War of Ideas

OUT OF EACH war comes at least one new weapon. The Second World War more than any other brought forth new devices and techniques for destroying the bodies and influencing the minds of men. Probably the most important of the techniques was what is still called psychological warfare, which was a good name for what was done during the war. But it is a pity we still use the tag, because it does not properly describe what the free nations are trying to do in their struggle with Communism for the faith and opinions of people everywhere. When we speak of psychological warfare, most of us think of it as some abstruse process by which cloak-and-dagger experts try to get people to turn to the West instead of to Russia for help and guidance. It is a formless idea we have, and that is why our efforts, on the whole, have not been nearly so successful as those of the grim men in the Kremlin.

President Eisenhower has appointed a committee whose job it is to try to put new life into the huge, sprawling organization the United States has for carrying on psychological warfare—the biggest thing of its kind in the free world. He realizes that the United States has been outplayed by the Soviet propagandists, and hopes that by tightening up his team he can get more scoring punch. But all the tightening up possible is not going to be of much help if the people on the team do not know where the goal is.

The hungry, shivering Austrian in Vienna does not think any more highly of North America after seeing pictures of movie stars parading their furs or of parking lots filled with the cars of factory workers. What he is most interested in is himself, now, tomorrow and next week; if someone tells him a plausible tale of more food and comfort and self-respect for himself in the near future, he will listen. If we want to persuade him

to go our way, we must think not as North Americans but as hungry Austrians; and it is the same with the Czechs and the Afghans and all the others for whose loyalties we are struggling.

This matter becomes even more important when we deal with nations who have ways of life far different from ours. Moslems, for example, may regard our honest attempts to help and guide them as nothing but the interference of infidels. When we send aircraft to make it easier for them to get to Mecca, they are more likely to give their thanks to Allah than to us, if we try to help them as we would help a neighbor on the same street. We must understand them, their traditions, their ingrained manner of thinking, if we are to persuade them that we are not snobs or busybodies but worthwhile friends.

Telling these people in various ways about the joys of life in North America and the miseries of life in the Soviet empire may achieve something; but it lacks the earthy appeal of a program which purports to show how they can get a better life now, in their own land. Perhaps President Eisenhower's committee can sharpen the aim of the agencies whose job is psychological warfare, as well as unifying their efforts. We hope so, because their successes and failures mean so much to all of us.

Checking the Gold

WE COULD not help feeling shocked when we first read that George M. Humphrey, Secretary of the United States Treasury, was not going to check *all* the gold bullion in the U.S., about $23,036 million, but only about ten per cent of it in a sort of sampling way. It's not our money, we thought, but Mr. Humphrey really should not put too much faith in samples, especially after what has been happening to such well known samplers as Dr. Gallup and Mr. Roper in recent years. Suppose all those vaults marked Bullion did not hide gold at all, but millions of cartons of oatmeal or soap chips?

That was an interesting question, and we tried it out on our favorite streetcar conductor. Well, he said, suppose they did? Would Mr. Humphrey tell anyone about it?

Obviously, as smart a man as Mr. Humphrey would lock the vaults quickly, hurry back to Washington and not tell a soul. Nothing would happen, not a thing, as long as nobody knew about the oatmeal and the soap.

Career Soldier

CANADA'S CHIEF of the General Staff, Lt.-Gen. Guy Granville Simonds, CB, CBE, DSO, likes to see things done with the cool precision of good military drill. He is a cool, precise man himself; those who served with him during the Second World War remember the icy polish of his verbal orders for big operations, and the ruthlessness of his treatment of those he considered incompetent. These qualities may be the result of lifelong training, but they are combined with an unswerving pride in his profession which sometimes gets him into trouble with people who think like civilians and not like soldiers. It was this pride, probably, that made him react so sharply to what he took to be general criticism of the Army in the fuss over the Currie Report; he addressed a message to his troops which, while it may have cooled his own anger, certainly fed that of the Opposition.

It was said, during the time he commanded the First Canadian Division when it was part of the Eighth Army in Italy, that he took Montgomery as his model, and it is true that he had many of the Montgomery mannerisms and qualities. He liked to work forward of his divisional headquarters, he won much respect but little affection, he had a sense for the dramatic. But there was little physical resemblance. The tall, lean Simonds always managed to look immaculate, and he still carries only 152 pounds on his five-foot eleven-inch frame.

His career has been an odd contrast of rapid promotion and delayed advancement. He was one of the best students at the Royal Military College, Kingston, from which he graduated in 1925. He was 22 years old then, and after graduation got a commission in the Royal Canadian Artillery. He did well on staff courses in England and as an instructor in tactics at RMC, but promotion was slow in those days. When the First Division was mobilized in 1939 he was appointed to the divisional staff with the rank of major. Within months, he was a lieutenant-colonel commanding an artillery unit. There followed a series of staff jobs and a tour as an observer in North Africa, where he watched Montgomery's Eighth Army smash the Mareth Line. He went back to England to command the Second Canadian Division. Two weeks later Maj.-Gen. H. L. N. Salmon was killed in an airplane crash and Gen. Simonds took over the First Division in time to lead it in the invasion of Sicily in July, 1943. Seven months later, after a brief spell in command of the Fifth Canadian Armored Division, he took over Second Canadian Corps, which was training in England for the assault on Normandy.

—National Defence Photo

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIMONDS

He commanded Second Corps until the collapse of German resistance, and stepped up to handle First Canadian Army when Gen. H. D. G. Crerar was on sick leave. By the time the war was over and Canadian troops were streaming home, he had won so much praise that his officers thought he would certainly be the next Chief of the General Staff. Instead that job went to Gen. Charles Foulkes and Gen. Simonds went to the Imperial Staff College in England, first as a student and later as senior instructor. He came back to Canada in 1949 to command the National Defence College and the Staff College at Kingston. It was not until February, 1951, that he became Chief of the General Staff. That he is a brilliant officer, no one can deny; in training and in battle he has proved his military thinking to be not only sound but flexible and original, when need be. He will require the same flexibility in his handling of an enlarged army being paid for by a nation still officially at peace.

Varied Viewpoints

IT IS NOT surprising that many people in the United States have been bewildered and angered by the reaction of their European allies to some of the things President Eisenhower proposes to do in the Far East; and it is not difficult for Canadians, in their traditional in-between position, to understand both the bewilderment of the Americans and the nervousness of the Europeans, because we can understand the different ways in which the nations look at the trouble in Asia.

Britain and France not only are struggling to maintain their positions in the Far East but are fighting hot wars of their own against Communists in Malaya and Indo-China. They have their hands full with those wars as it is, and they do not want to give the Red Chinese any excuse for extending their activities as they have in Korea. The British and French, along with some smaller nations, are hoping desperately that something will happen (such as Mao turning out to be an Oriental Tito) to lessen the pressure of Communism in Asia. Until that something happens, they are willing to whack the Communists in Korea but do not want to irritate them in China.

That is why British political leaders of all parties shuddered when President Eisenhower proposed to end the U.S. Seventh Fleet's mission of "neutralizing" Formosa—just as they shuddered when Truman gave the Seventh Fleet that mission. In restrained, diplomatic language, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden said there would be "unfortunate political repercussions without compensating military advantages."

What the Americans are looking for, of course, is a way of bringing their heavy involvement in Korea to a positive, satisfactory conclusion. They do not want to sit indefinitely in the Korean mountains, trading ridges with the Chinese and using up men and material month after month, year after year. The war in Korea is pinning down their best units and hampering their efforts to build up their own defences and those of their allies. And it is not in their nature to fiddle too long with a problem before trying one or more possible solutions. It may be true that they lack experience in the tortuous art of diplomacy; but it is just as true that Europeans who are supposed to have such experience have not been particularly successful in avoiding war as a solution to international difficulties.

Personal

WE GOT ahead of ourselves last week, discussing the picture and article on the cover of this issue. In case the details have been forgotten: the men in the picture are Louis Robichaud (left) and Reynold Mitchell, who work at the Canadian Armaments and Research Development Establishment of the Defence Research Board at Valcartier, and they're watching the "answer curve" to an equation which has been fed into the computer, or electronic "brain-machine", part of which can be seen in the background.

Letter from Washington

by Carroll Kilpatrick

THE marking-time period is about over in Washington. The new government is beginning to govern. It does not yet have its hands firmly on the throttle, but with President Eisenhower's message to Congress the wheels began to turn.

The inaugural address was largely a formality, however cheering it may have been to those who wanted reassurance that the President was determined on the basic issues of foreign policy. Between the inaugural on January 20 and the message to Congress on February 2 the hiatus in government that began with the campaign last summer seemed to be more pronounced than ever. The new Administration was obviously finding it difficult to exercise its great new powers.

Many Americans have been deeply disturbed by the long interval during which the government was on dead centre. In many ways, to be sure, the transition between Administrations this time was as smooth and orderly and well-mannered as any in American history. But the problems of government are more complex and urgent. Doubt and hesitation can be extremely costly.

THE TRUMAN Administration had marked time between the beginning of the campaign and January 20, although it continued to make some important decisions and to keep the engine stoked. The surprise came with the new government. General Eisenhower and his team seemed to exercise even less authority in their first couple of weeks in office than their predecessors did in their last couple of weeks.

To say that the new men were at sea is to put it too strongly. But the effect was the same. They were up against a brand new experience. Everything was expected of them at once, yet who would have expected Senator Taft, for example, to shine immediately if he were suddenly made the new president of General Motors?

For a while, therefore, Congress threatened to provide the leadership needed. For example, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, the senior Republican in the House, had never met the new Republican President of the United States. He seemed to be not very much interested, either, and, without bothering to seek a conference with the President or Secretary of the Treasury, blithely announced his plans to cut taxes sharply.

The Administration was horrified. It was still trying to understand the budgetary situation. The more it studied the more difficult seemed the job of balancing income and outgo. President Eisenhower, therefore, was required to use some pretty forceful language in his message to Congress to say that tax reductions now would be disastrously premature.

In this specific instance, he thus assumed the leadership which should be exercised by the White House rather than Congress. His problem will be to retain his influence and to exercise it over the congressmen who want to follow their own courses without much regard to the overall fiscal policy of the Administration.

The message re-established the President as the national leader, because it was forceful in the main and revealed a grasp by the Administration of many of the basic problems with which it must cope.

It was especially heartening to those who want to see the country assume the leadership in foreign trade matters that a creditor country should assume. The President did not say anything about repealing the Buy American Act, which hamstrings government purchasing officers who would like to buy supplies overseas, but he did propose extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, customs simplification (which would be of especial help to Canadians), and action to stimulate off-shore procurement and the export of American private capital.

These measures will be bitterly contested. The customs simplification bill, which United States officials discussed at length with Canadian officials, has been before Congress for several years. It passed the House in 1951, but the Senate Finance Committee pigeonholed it last year. What the new Finance Committee, which is made up of almost the same men as the old, will do about it remains to be seen. Much will depend upon the President. If he is effective in leadership on Capitol Hill it will have a good chance of passage.

WHEN it comes to other matters of foreign policy, reactions are mixed. As might be expected, many Republicans are enthusiastic about the new Formosa policy while many Democrats are cautiously critical. For the time being, it is clear that the Nationalist Chinese on Formosa are incapable of launching attacks of any consequence against the mainland. But the Administration thinks that by freeing them to attack a new burden is put upon the Communists, who must redouble their defensive positions on the Coast.

Critics of the policy assume that Chiang Kai-shek will not be content to stop with what he has received. He will argue, it is said, that in order for him to make effective use of his 600,000 troops, aircraft and ships must be given to him. What the Administration will say to that request is, of course, the big question.

The President is understood to be eager to increase the pressures on the Communists at every point of contact. It may be expected that additional measures—for example, a blockade of the China coast—will be employed to tighten the squeeze.

For a long time Republicans have criticized the Truman-Acheson pol-

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Ottawa Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

tial buttress of an adequate economic foundation. Its objective is the building of a community of nations united in their opposition to Communism and ready to support a common organization of defence against it, and Professor Slichter admits that good headway has been made with arrangements for military and political cooperation. But he maintains that a group of nations cannot be regarded as an integrated community if they are not linked by close economic ties and that the absence of such ties makes the permanence of any military or political alliance dubious.

In his view the essential economic ties are unattainable as long as the United States refuses to allow its allies in Europe to balance their accounts with it by increasing their exports to it and that the annual drain upon their resources involved in meeting their obligations to the United States is keeping them in a state of economic ill health and makes them regard trade with countries behind the Iron Curtain as essential for their salvation.

He cites statistics to prove that the rest of the world could only balance its account with the United States if it were permitted to increase its sales to the latter country by about 4.5 billion dollars, which would only be about 2 per cent of the national output of private industry in the United States per annum. So he argues that a drastic liberalization of American fiscal policy is imperative, if the democracies of the west are not going to sink into a state of economic debility which will make them very feeble allies and bring recruits to the cause of Communism.

Now all the arguments of Professor Slichter are equally applicable to the position of Canada. We are contributing armed forces and economic aid to the building of bulwarks in western Europe against Communist aggression, but we continue to pursue a fiscal policy which is a serious obstacle to its economic recovery. Our most important trade relations with any European country are with Britain, the strongest of our European partners, and the figures about our trade with it in 1952 tell an ominous story. They show that whereas in 1952 the total value of Canada's exports to Britain at 745.8 million dollars was 18 per cent higher than the total for 1951, 631.5 million dollars, the value of Canada's imports from Britain shrank by roughly 16 per cent to 351.8 million dollars as compared with 421 millions. Therefore Canada in 1952 had with Britain a favorable trade balance of 394 million dollars, which was almost double the comparable figure for 1951, 210 million dollars.

Obviously Britain, with a large proportion of her former investments in Canada repatriated and her reserves in gold and dollar exchange reduced to a perilously low level, cannot go on finding funds to liquidate such a large adverse balance. But at a time when she has been scraping the bottom of her barrel to find money for buying small quantities of Canadian bacon and cheese, she is being criticized in certain quarters here for buying grain from Russia at a time when Canada's elevators are bursting with grain.

Britain has no alternative but to cut her trade coat according to the cloth available and a recent debate in the British Parliament revealed members for all parties expressing deep anxiety about the future of Anglo-Canadian trade and suggesting ways and means for its stimulation.

Admittedly British exporters have not made the best of their opportunities in the Canadian market and have forfeited business through the slowness of their deliveries and their negligence in regard to the provision of spare parts and adequate supplies for Canadian customers. But the most serious obstacle to the increase of British imports to Canada is still found in the height of our tariff barriers, which add to the basic handicap of distance. But, during the present session there has been scant evidence that any but a very few members of Parliament appreciate the position into which Anglo-Canadian trade relations are drifting.

If Canada wants to maintain her exports to Britain at their present level she must encourage imports from Britain and the most effective form of encouragement is a lowering of tariff barriers. But with an election in the offing the Liberals are naturally afraid that any such moves would cost them industrial seats, in which the employment of workers might be adversely affected by a greater inflow of British imports; and the Progressive Conservative party is even more deeply committed to the maintenance of a high scale of protection for our domestic industries.

To this protection the agrarian supporters of the CCF are traditionally hostile, but it is favored by most of its industrial followers and the party cannot speak with a united voice on this subject. So the Social Crediters are left as the only party, whose hands are free to advocate the sort of fiscal policy which is needed, as in the case of the United States, to make our foreign policy against Communism effective.

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Washington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

icies as negative, and President Eisenhower made the same criticism, in effect, in his message. It is charged that the Democratic Administration leaned over backward in trying not to become involved to a greater extent with the Chinese Communists or with Russia. The new Administration believes that it can do a number of things in an aggressive way to damage Peiping—and Moscow—without leaning over so far forward as to lose its balance and fall into a full-scale war.

This, of course, is the problem. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles apparently has sold his program of using propaganda, black propaganda and even subversion to take the cold war to the people who started it. He, too, has felt that the Russians have been allowed to call the tune to which the American Administration danced. Now he wants to call the tune.

That there is danger in such a policy is apparent. George F. Kennan, the last American Ambassador in Moscow, has warned against it, and in words so blunt that, although he is a senior Foreign Service officer, he is not going to be high in the counsels of the Dulles State Department.

United States opinion does not completely appreciate why Chiang is unpopular in Europe, Canada and many parts of the Far East, and it has chafed under the Truman-Acheson resolve to neutralize him rather than to use him in the fight against Communism. Republican critics have insisted, of course, that he could be of substantial help in the fight in China. If so, he has at last the freedom of action to demonstrate his power.

And the Eisenhower Administration has a policy which must be defended, both at home and abroad. By this single decision it has assumed the great burden of government, for the decision affects all aspects of policy: it affects relations with a score of countries in Europe and Asia; it affects the situation in Korea, for the relationship with Communist China is altered; certainly it affects the armistice negotiations and Russia's estimate of United States intentions. Thus, the President has set off a chain of reactions that will test its skill and effectiveness in the day-to-day struggle of democratic government.

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WEST COAST WARRIOR

Tory Rebel Still Fights Bureaucracy

by R. A. Francis

ON HIS 74th birthday, Hon. H. H. Stevens was several minutes late for the morning session of the BC Liquor Inquiry Committee, of which he was chairman. The former Conservative cabinet minister and erstwhile Reconstructionist was on his annual nine mile walk around Vancouver's 1000-acre Stanley Park.

This performance, he said, as he sat down beside his younger colleagues, gave a man a breath of air and a zest for the day's problems. It was typical of the cigar-smoking old rebel who has been saying his piece and letting the political bodies fall where they may for more than 40 years. One of the political bodies which fell was his own, but that was on a matter of principle, and there's nothing on which Harry Stevens would rather fall than a matter of principle. It might be more accurate to say he jumped.

On the verge of the three-quarter century mark, the old Tory whose sympathies widened until he became the free swinging advocate of the man in the street and the scourge of two generations of Liberals, looks back without regret at battles joined and principles upheld.

"My mistake," says the politician who quit the Bennett Government rather than tone down his commission's findings on the workings of business, "is that I left my party."

But the way Harry Stevens says it, his friends know he feels right with his conscience about bolting the Tories, perhaps losing the chance to lead the party, and forming his short-lived Reconstruction party in 1935 on a platform of economic reform. His party died but the principles he stated, Stevens is certain, remain valid.

"The need is for recognition, in business and industry, of the fact that human and ethical factors are important in our conduct," he sums up. "You cannot rely wholly on efficiency and profit, to the exclusion of moral factors, and have a healthy nation.

"Capital, management and labor must meet on common ground," he adds. "They are not competing interests. They have a common interest in doing a job. One should not be a dictator. Without a new approach to employer-employee relations, the economy of the continent is headed for collapse."

THIS is his great obsession at the culmination of a long life, a career studded with victories and defeats, with classic battles on the floor of the Commons, with the hopes and disappointments of trying to breathe life into a new party when he believed the old parties had failed.

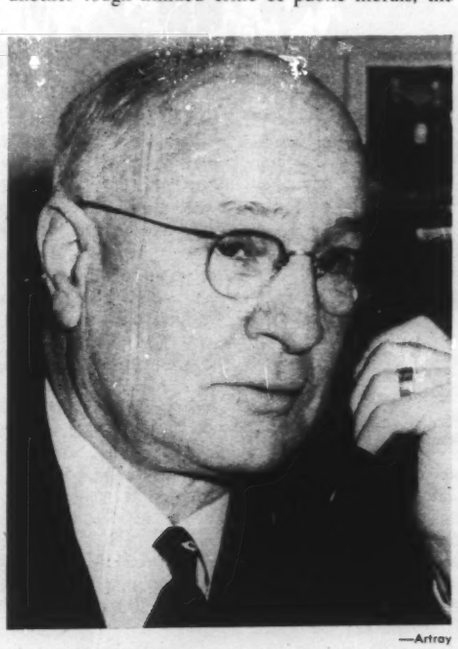
Oddly enough this man who knocked big business, who tried with a new party to "achieve a balance between the corporations and the mass of the people," today is president of the Vancouver Board of Trade.

Though he is out of party politics, the battles of King and Meighen and Borden far behind him, his opinion is still sought by Tories and his tongue and pen feared by Liberals who do not act by what Harry Stevens considers sound Christian principles. His espousal of these principles somehow rings true, an effect which many professional politicians wish they could achieve. His friends call this one of his strongest characteristics. His enemies call it pious claptrap.

"We are disunited in Canada," he said during the war. "Materialism is a cancer in our soul. Things to come will be based on power and not upon the practical Christianity which alone can lead us from chaos."

"We are too easy going and wealthy, and the church has suffered. Take the dollar sign down from above our big metropolitan churches," says the man who started public life with the Moral Reform League of Vancouver's Wesley Methodist Church. "Replace it with the old sign of the cross. The little churches and their ministers are making a valiant effort today, but the big city churches which largely dictate policy are failing to measure up."

With this opinion firmly held, the paradoxical old warrior sat more or less harmoniously with another tough minded critic of public morals, the



—Artray

HON. H. H. STEVENS

Very Reverend Cecil Swanson, dean of one of the west coast city's largest churches, on the provincial liquor inquiry. Observers thought the two probably had more in common than they pretended. It may well be that these two, with labor representative George Home, will go down in history as the team that put some sense into BC's archaic drinking laws.

BUT in politics or out, in his downtown insurance office, at the Board of Trade overlooking the harbor, or at home on the city's south slope, Stevens' far reaching interests keep him in touch with affairs. He is the perennial prophet of the golden age of British Columbia, and he's more confident than ever for 1953.

One of his interests is modern architecture. In Vancouver he finds plenty of scope for this intellectual exercise. In office buildings, banks, schools, homes, churches and industrial buildings, Vancouver leads the country in the development of contemporary architecture. "It may be utilitarian, but it's painful to look at," growls the old rebel immigrant from Bristol who has watched his adopted city grow to nearly half a million people.

In blue suit and conservative tie, wise old eyes behind rimless glasses, the seer of Pender Street looks like a deceptively mild old gentleman. Only those with whom he has stood back to back, or who have been caught in the crossfire of his political oratory, know what a deceptive look this is.

As president of the BC Natural Resources Conservation League he is sparkplug of an organization which labors to keep the forests and rivers of BC from being unnecessarily exploited. The League's present battle, in which all the old Stevens guile and strategy have been brought to bear, is to prevent the BC Power Commission from damming Buttle Lake, on Vancouver Island.

The lake lies in Strathcona Park, which was set aside by the 1911 Legislature as a perpetual parkland. To develop more hydro power for Vancouver Island the Commission proposes to dam it, thus raising the water level and, Stevens and the conservationists hold, ruining a huge stand of timber, spoiling fish spawning grounds and making the area useless as a park.

STEVENS says adjacent Upper Campbell Lake, already ruined by logging, could be just as well dammed if power is needed, saving Buttle as a park area. It's the kind of war Stevens relishes most, a struggle to save what he believes belongs to the man in the street from the encircling tentacles of bureaucracy. It's the biggest single issue, again a matter of principle, at present engaging him.

His fear of an overriding bureaucracy goes away back, but he expressed it typically at the peak of the war. "With the exigencies of war," he proclaimed, at the same time taking advantage of a chance to knock the Liberals, "there is danger of the state accumulating wide powers of administration which it did not have in peace time. It may be necessary in these times, but it must not be carried on after the war."

The English immigrant boy who was to win seven federal elections, hold cabinet office three times under Meighen and Bennett, and be called "the greatest private detective in politics," reached Peterborough, Ont., in 1887. Later he was in Vernon, BC, mining, driving stage, doing odd jobs to make a dollar as his patient, pugnacious, energetic character formed.

Walking the streets of Seattle after he was robbed during a trip there, he saw an army recruiting poster. Temporary hunger didn't make him forget that joining the regular army would void his British citizenship. But putting his coaching experience to account he joined the civilian transport division, and found himself at the Boxer Rebellion in China. Later he saw the Spanish-American war in the Philippines with the Red Cross.

Years later during an election campaign opponents scolded Stevens, who'd been heard saying "no truck or trade with the Yankees," for serving in that war. He'd served, Stevens admitted, but with the Red Cross, anything wrong with that? Voters appeared to think not, for he was elected.

His public life, characteristically, started in rebellion. Why, he asked Vancouver city council at his first sitting, do we not do public works out of revenue? Council wanted to borrow. Stevens was overruled and the incident illustrated the principle he has attacked all his life—"the fallacy of borrowing just because your credit is right."

A handwriting analyst once said Stevens could have been successful in theatre or diplomacy. "He could never be accused of being a shrinking violet," the analyst reported, "nor are naïvety and simplicity his principal characteristics."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

CANADA'S CLIMATE

How's the Weather Down Your Way?

by Hugh Garner

IT HAS BEEN a mild winter up to now in our part of the country, and the people who usually kick about too much snow are kicking now about having none at all. Hardly any of us really know much about Canada's climate and weather, and the only times it seems important are when it rains on wash-day, when sleet brings down the power lines, the car radiator freezes, or an electrical storm scares some of us half to death.

Many of us don't realize that much of Canada is hotter than California in the summer, and much milder than parts of the United States in winter. We don't hold the world's records for either cold, snow, rain, violent storms, humidity or dryness, and in our case a "temperate climate" means what it says.

In the days when most of Canada was a backwoods settlement, everyone was his own weather prophet, and people believed in a collection of rhymes and jingles about the weather. Such sayings as, "A wet moon is followed by rain"; "When the wind is in the east it's good for neither man nor beast"; and "Sow peas and beans in the wane of the moon; who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon", all have an element of truth. But, "If squirrels are seen gathering nuts more actively than usual, it will be a hard winter," and, "If the groundhog sees his shadow on February 2 there will be six more weeks of bad weather," only shows that these animals have more sense than the people who believe such things.

Although we left the horse and buggy behind us years ago we still cling to old wive's tales when it comes to the weather. Some of us are still more afraid of thunder (which is only a noise) than we are of the lightning which causes it, and most of us are certain that April is the wettest month of the year. We are sure that the Arctic is colder than the prairies, and that August is the warmest month. We refuse to believe it when we are told that parts of California have more than four times as much snow as any place in Canada, but some of us believe that if it rains on St. Swithin's Day (July 15) it will rain for the next 40 days.

THE AVERAGE weather over a large area such as Canada is called the climate of the country, but Canada covers so much territory that it has several climates, from the cool, temperate one of Newfoundland and the Maritime Provinces to the mild one of Southern Ontario, and from the extreme hot and cold of the prairies to the warm, almost semi-tropical one of the Pacific Coast.

Many Canadians are not as aware as they should be of the difference in climate between one part and another of this country, and many of us still believe, erroneously, that climate is a matter of greater or lesser distance from the equator. The coldest temperature ever recorded at Nottingham Island in the Arctic was 42 degrees below zero, six degrees warmer than the record of 48 below in Lennoxville, Que. and Huntsville, Ont.

Here are a few of the questions put to the staffs of Canadian Government meteorological stations during the past few months: I am moving to Esquimalt, B.C. shortly and would like to know how many days of sunshine I can expect during the next twelve months? What city has the heaviest snowfall, Montreal or Ottawa? Which is warmer in the summer, the Prairie Provinces or Nova Scotia? I would like to know how many electrical storms we have every summer in Toronto? I suffer from

asthma and my doctor has recommended that I move to a dry climate; where is the driest in this country?

The man who is moving to Esquimalt can be assured of an average of 221 days of sunshine during the year, while the answer to the second question is that Montreal has 30 more inches of snow during the winter than Ottawa (112.3 inches against 82). On the average there is not much difference in summer temperatures between the prairies and Nova Scotia, but there are spells of much hotter weather on the prairies than Nova Scotia has ever seen.

Toronto has an average of 19 days of thunderstorms during the year, four times as many as the Pacific Coast. The lady with the asthma would be well advised to move to Arctic Bay, Northwest Territories, which has an annual rain and snowfall of only 6.81 inches, but if she wishes to remain in civilization the best town for her is Kamloops, B.C. where only a little over ten inches of rain and snow may be expected in a year.

Vacation time stirs up a momentary interest in the weather, and a common belief in this country is that August is a warmer month than July, so that many vacationists put off their holidays until that month. The very opposite is true everywhere in Canada but Sydney and Yarmouth, N.S. and St. John, New Brunswick. Perhaps August's popularity as a vacation month can be traced to the fact that it has less rain than July in Quebec, Ontario and the Prairie Provinces, but in most of the Maritimes and British Columbia it is not only cooler but wetter as well.

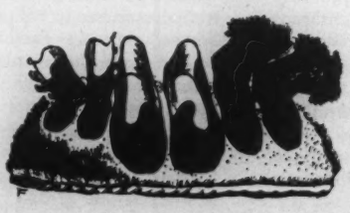
There is great rivalry between cities —and between provinces too—as to which has the healthiest climate. Victoria's claim to having the mildest weather of any Canadian city cannot be disputed, but it runs third, behind Regina and Medicine Hat, for hours of sunshine. And St. Catharines, Ont. has an average daily temperature only a little under a degree and a half lower than Victoria's, with less than half of the West Coast city's rainfall.

Canadians are a hardy breed, and they have to be to stand some of the extremes of climate they are faced with during a year, especially those who live on the Western plains. The highest temperatures ever officially recorded in this country were at Winnipeg and Medicine Hat, where the temperature has climbed to a sweltering 108 degrees in the shade. The lowest official temperature reading ever made was at Fort Good Hope, Northwest Territories, which recorded a low of 79 degrees below zero.

The coldest snap to hit a city in Canada was at Prince Albert, Sask., where the temperature once nosedived to 70 degrees below. Fort Smith, N.W.T. has registered the most extreme temperatures of all, with a high of 103 degrees in the summer, and a low of 71 degrees below zero in the winter.

Everybody gripes about the weather, and—with the possible exception of those people who live in Vancouver and Victoria—we all think the other fellow has a better climate, especially if there is three feet of snow on the front walk, or the mercury has been hovering around the 100-in-the-shade mark for a week. But nature has a way of evening things up, and a city that enjoys a mild winter climate may be forced to settle on a cool, wet summer one.

The next time it rains for several days at a stretch, and the children have wrecked both the house and your nerves, think of the people of Clayoquot, B.C. where the annual precipitation is 106.37 inches, nearly



nine feet. And if you live in Clayoquot, you can always console yourself with the knowledge that although your town has much more rain than anywhere else in Canada, Newfoundland and the Maritimes have more than thirty days of fog a year, and that it snows and rains on four more days every year in Arvida, Que. than it does in your home town.

Canada, which Rudyard Kipling once called, "Our Lady of the Snows", is not half as snowy as many Americans and Europeans think. Canadians too are wrong in their ideas about snow. The heaviest annual snowfall does not take place in the Yukon, the Rockies, or other places in the far North, but in Quebec City, which has a yearly fall of over 123 inches. The only other places in Canada that come within snowballing distance of Quebec are Charlottetown, with 113 inches, and Walkerton, Ont. with 115, both a thousand miles south of the tundra. Most of the Northwest Territories, which we think of as being snowbound most of the year, actually get less of the stuff than Sydney, N.S., Ottawa and Nelson, B.C., while Victoria and Vancouver sometimes go all winter without any snow at all.

Civilization, generally speaking, is only possible in areas where foodstuffs can be grown, and this as much as anything else has kept Canada a country "three thousand miles long and two railroads wide". In Canada, the period between the last frost of the winter and the first one of the fall varies from 254 days in the southern end of Vancouver Island to 18 days in the northern reaches of the Northwest Territories.

ONTARIO'S "banana belt", around the western end of Lake Ontario from Toronto to Niagara Falls, has an average of 165 frost-free days during the growing months. Medicine Hat leads the Prairie Provinces with 130 days, while Churchill, Man. trails with 59. The only place east of the Rockies where it is safe to plant a garden in April is Montreal, where the last frost usually occurs on or before April 28, but in Victoria the last frost of the winter is usually felt as early as March 18 every year.

Difference in the length of the growing season is not everything, however, for the amount of daylight, elevation, rainfall and sunshine all have a bearing on what will grow and what will wither on the vine. Though St. Catharines, Ont., has a shorter growing season than Montreal, thousands of peach orchards surround it along the Niagara escarpment, while the growth of peaches on a commercial basis is impossible around Canada's largest city.

An Edmonton housewife has two days more than her Calgary sister in which to raise a kitchen garden, yet

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

WHAT DULLES IS DOING

Now We Begin Political Warfare

by Willson Woodside

MARK down February 1953. Eight years after Roosevelt went to Yalta, with the greatest military power of all time in his hands but a disastrous misconception of Soviet objectives, and six years after Truman, with scarcely any military power but the atomic bomb, announced the policy of "containing" Soviet expansion on the borders of Greece and Turkey, we set out to win the cold war.

There needn't be the slightest mystification over what Eisenhower and Dulles are about. The President declared in his State of the Union address: "There is but one way to avoid global war, and that is to win the cold war." The free world could not "remain indefinitely in a posture of paralyzed tension," leaving the initiative always to the aggressor.

Or as Dulles put it in his article in *Life* magazine last June—well worth considering as a statement of policy: "It is ironic and wrong that we who believe in the boundless power of human freedom should so long have accepted a static political role . . . We should be dynamic; we should use ideas as weapons; and these ideas should conform to moral principles."

There is the simple key to the understanding of all that is going on: the freeing of the Chinese Nationalists on Formosa to harass the Reds on the mainland and the repudiation of the secret clauses of the Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam Agreements, with the pledge that the United States will never sell any people into slavery to secure some fancied advantage.

IT explains the importance given to the Psychological Warfare Board which has been set up in Washington, and the placing of Bedell Smith, Ike's Chief of Staff during the war, later Ambassador in Russia and most recently head of the Central Intelligence Agency, in the No. 2 spot in the State Department. Replacing Smith in the CIA is Allan Welsh Dulles, who as an important figure in the OSS during the war showed a keen understanding of the value of promoting a German coup against Hitler and was in close contact with the German opposition.

In every field the idea is to give *dynamism* to free world policy, to get off the defensive and start the other fellow worrying about where trouble is going to break out next for him—exactly as the cartoonist has portrayed it. Eventually, the idea is to light a few fires under Stalin; both Ike and Dulles are clearly committed to a policy of helping presently enslaved peoples to liberate themselves. But in the meantime there isn't the slightest intention of doing anything reckless, such as those people fear who have leaped to the conclusion that "taking the wraps off Chiang" today means that tomorrow a U.S. fleet and air force will be escorting him to a reinvasion of the Chinese mainland.

The idea behind this move is just as Eisenhower expressed it, that it "doesn't make sense" for the U.S. Navy to protect the Chinese Communists in the South while we are fighting them in the North. Actually, the Nationalists have been carrying on commando-style raids from islands nearer to the mainland than Formosa on an increasing scale during the past year, and the U.S. Navy has been winking at them. The threat of stepping up this campaign will force the Chinese Reds to spread out their forces to guard against them, and leave them with fewer troops to cause us trouble in Korea and Indo-China.

There seems to be widespread alarm in Britain, and to a lesser extent in Canada, lest the Communists find this move so "provocative" that they will bring on World War III, or at the least, that the Americans will commit themselves to a large-scale campaign on the mainland in support of the restoration of Chiang. The Indian newspapers are quite wild in their denunciation of this move to "widen the war."

—Manning in The Phoenix Republic

AND THAT'S THE IDEA

Well, as for the Indians, much as we respect them, if we waited for their help in resisting aggression we would still be fighting the Japs in New Guinea. The Congress Party campaigned during the war in favor of letting the Japs invade India without resistance. They haven't lifted a finger to help check the post-war Communist conquest of Asia, in Korea, Indo-China, Malaya or even on their border, in Burma and Tibet.

The British objections are quite another thing. They were quick to recognize the Chinese Communist Government, three years ago, arguing that in this way one had a chance to influence their policy, whereas if one refused to talk to them one could have none. But British diplomacy was taken by the Chinese Reds for British humility, and the British received a slap in the face: their ambassador has never yet been allowed to enter Communist China.

To the Americans, on the other hand, British diplomacy seemed mainly concerned with the protection of British trade and investments in China, and with the preservation of Hong Kong. It lost most of its force when the Communists proceeded to boot the British businessmen right out of China, and seize their investments. That explains why Washington is not much impressed today by British claims that *theirs* is the way to win over Peking.

The outcry over the new Formosa policy, as Anne O'Hare McCormick says in the *New York Times*, is the timidity of the weak. She declares, as I have many times in these pages, that there is no safe policy for us. Every move we take is fraught with danger. And doing nothing could be the most dangerous policy of all.

One has to take firm hold of this notion that we must be exceedingly careful not to "provoke" Stalin or Mao. Has Stalin, in fact, been provoked into war by any act of resistance or defiance of ours since 1945? Was he provoked in 1946, when we put up a very strong stand to force Moscow to take its troops out of Iran and supported the Turks in their refusal to allow the Soviets to build bases on the Dardanelles and hence take over control of the Straits? Was he provoked in 1947, when Truman proclaimed as a "doctrine" the policy of U.S. aid to Greece and Turkey to halt Soviet expansion in this area, which Molotov had told Hitler in November 1940 was "the main area of Russian territorial aspirations"? Though U.S. battleships and aircraft-carriers were sent to Istanbul, Stalin did not go to war.

When in 1948 we defied the blockade of Berlin and began the formation of a North Atlantic Alliance, Stalin still was not "provoked" into war, though it was freely said that his armies could reach the Channel in two weeks. Instead, after the signing of the Atlantic Treaty in April 1949, he lifted the Berlin blockade.

Shortly after this we began to support Tito in his defiance of Moscow—a defeat for Stalinist policy of historical importance. And the next year we put troops into Korea to check his expansion in Asia. In 1951 we began a great rearmament of the North Atlantic partners, and negotiated a separate peace with Japan. In 1952 we built great new airbases from Norway down to Turkey, and negotiated a virtual separate peace with Germany and an agreement by which German troops would join a West European Army.

In spite of all this "provocation" Stalin has not yet launched World War III. The reason is that he doesn't want World War III, any more than we do. All he wants is the fruits of victory, and he was doing pretty well, all this time.

A FAR better case can be made out that display of weakness on our part, rather than of strength, immediately opens up the danger of war. A chain of Acheson speeches and actions, all but proclaiming that the United States would not fight for Korea and had quite abandoned the Chinese Nationalists, led directly up to the Communist invasion of South Korea and preparations for an invasion of Formosa.

If World War III were so easily brought on as some people fancy the confused and bloody clash of American and Chinese troops on the banks of the Yalu in December 1950 would have set it off—as the British Government indeed feared it would, when it sent Attlee flying over to see Truman. Now we have the same, almost automatic, British reaction to the new policy freeing the Chinese Nationalists to harass the Communists on the mainland.

But instead of bringing on world war, it has brought two bids for renewed negotiations! The Soviets have called for a renewal of the Austrian talks, and the Chinese for the reopening of the Panmunjom palaver. And that is exactly what I, for one, expected. They use these negotiations as a safety valve, which they can always grab, and lower the international pressure.

They also use the talks for political warfare. They have found that as soon as they call for new talks tension is relieved in the West and our efforts towards strength and unity are slackened. The Eisenhower-Dulles policy takes full account of this.

While Ike proclaimed a new policy in Asia, Dulles went to Europe. They believe in political warfare against the Soviets on a global scale, but solidly based on Western unity and Asian cooperation. Dulles is next to go to Asia, in search of *that*.

INSIDE THE USSR

State of The Union Is Rotten

by Edward Crankshaw

London.

THE whole performance in the Soviet Union, working up to a spy-hunt of monstrous proportions, gives a beautiful idea of the peculiar nature of the Soviet system. Thirty-six years after the revolution Stalin is reduced to the most public admission imaginable that the state of the Union is rotten. "The imperialist secret services try to use for their outrageous purposes," declared *Pravda* the other day, "the remnants of the broken anti-Soviet groups, *all kinds of anti-Party elements*, morally unstable and corrupt people infected with vestiges of capitalism and bourgeois nationalistic views."

That passage, and a hundred others like it, makes an interesting commentary on the Kremlin's claim to have produced the most stable, progressive and contented of societies.

It is still too early to say what lies behind this new terror: whether, that is, it has been called into being by a genuine fear of growing opposition to the Kremlin's rule or whether it is a reflection of a desperate struggle for power inside the Kremlin, or a mixture of both.

Probably it is the latter. The latest unofficial news to filter through the Iron Curtain suggests a grim state of affairs in many parts of the Soviet countryside. During the past 18 months things have been easier in the towns: there has been plenty of food and a better supply of clothing and consumer goods.

But to judge from all reports, this development is being paid for very heavily by the countryside. The new drive to amalgamate collective farms into even larger units, turning the workers into State-owned serfs, has met with bitter resistance.

Collective farms found guilty of inefficiency or of various malpractices, such as embezzling grain intended for the State, have been forced this winter to deliver up even their seed grain to the State granaries.

This measure, intended to punish offenders and frighten others, appears to have got out of hand. To judge by the exceptional number of peasants who have crowded into the towns this winter, and the mobs of ragged youths on the railway stations of the Soviet Union—always a sign of hunger in the villages—whole areas are faced with near starvation.

Nor is life much happier for many others in the Soviet Union who still have enough to eat. Every official who has ever handled confidential information must be shivering with apprehension and sleeping with his prison bag packed lest he should be the next to be denounced for giving away State secrets: the Soviet Union, of course, is a country of officials; and in the Soviet Union all information is confidential.

—Collins in the Montreal Gazette

THE GRAVE ROBBERS

Every Jew must be wondering whether he and his friends will find themselves implicated in a fresh aspect of the "Zionist conspiracy"—or, more simply, whether the local population may not suddenly take it into their heads to start a Jew hunt in the tradition of the Czarist pogroms while the police look on.

Every doctor must be waiting to hear that he, too, is a poisoner. Every scientist and technician who has ever taken an interest in the latest Western discoveries may sooner or later be accused of corrupting the wells of Stalinist science. Everyone of their colleagues who has ever published a technical paper must be fearing that he, too, will find himself accused of "divulging secret discoveries made in State laboratories."

EVERY official and intellectual in all the national republics who has ever exhibited the least awareness of the fact that the history and conditions of life of, say, Kazakstan differ from the history and conditions of life of Moscow, must expect at any moment to be denounced for "bourgeois nationalist" agitation.

And behind all this looms the larger fear. What tortuous ramifications of a giant conspiracy against the State will be unmasked and punished when the Kremlin at last gets round to public consideration of the case of the nine "doctor poisoners"?

For, although it is easy to forget it, the nine doctors with their murderous conspiracy have still not been formally charged, at least publicly. No evidence whatsoever has yet been brought against them. The peculiar nature of Soviet justice is shown by the fact that in spite of this the Press and the Party leaders take their guilt entirely for granted.

"Treacherous spies and assassins, concealed under doctors' masks, who sold themselves to the slave-owning cannibals of the U.S.A. and Britain", is the way Radio Moscow speaks of them—and it is now under attack for being backward in its denunciation of the Western conspiracy!

1952
A YEAR OF RECORDS

1951		1952
$ 6,307,000	**Surplus Earnings**	$ 7,421,000
$ 23,160,000	**Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries** (Dividends, Death Claims and Maturities)	$ 24,120,000
$ 133,763,000	**New Assurances** (All on Canadians)	$ 143,911,000
$ 387,861,000	**Total Assets** (Increased by $22,692,000)	$ 410,553,000
$ 1,268,542,000	**Assurances in Force** (Increased by $128,299,000)	$ 1,396,841,000

A copy of the complete report of the proceedings at the Company's annual meeting, held at the Home Office on February 5, 1953, will be sent on request.

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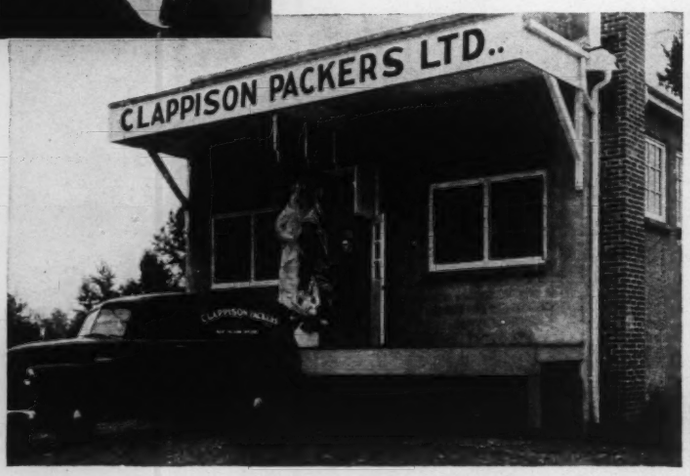

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MUSIC

Low Pantomime to High Satire

by Lister Sinclair

IT IS a singular thing that taste in music has never really matured, nor has musical history been accurately viewed until the present generation. It is even more singular that this peculiar notion has been held by every succeeding generation for the last three hundred years or thereabouts. It should make us wary; but it does not. It should make music criticism a tentative affair, blushing and fumbling with its hat before the Muse of History; but it does not. Criticism continues to pay for its keep with an unending stream of wooden nickels. The record of the vagaries of artistic taste is a museum of the vanity of human judgments.

Having thus disqualified myself in advance, I now say that I find it a very remarkable thing that people should ever have disliked Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte*, which we have been seeing recently at the Opera Festival in Toronto.

TOVEY (whose essays I advise you to read instead of mine) has said that Mozart never grew old enough to get out of the habit of trying to irrigate with his music Sahara-like librettos. This statement certainly accounts for that famous allegory on the banks of the Nile, the *Magic Flute;* but *Cosi Fan Tutte* is another thing altogether.

Here we have Mozart's highest powers exercised on a libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte, who was undoubtedly a master of stage-craft. His *Don Giovanni* is a much better version even than Moliére's. His *Figaro* is as good as Beaumarchais'; indeed it scarcely differs from it except where the composer needs the necessary points of repose for the development of his musical ideas. In respect of suitability to the composer's purpose, and general stage-worthiness, da Ponte is almost unexcelled.

I do not think any of Wagner's librettos do the trick, hand written though they were by the great man himself. The only one that strikes me at the moment as leaving da Ponte standing is Boito's libretto for Verdi's *Otello,* where Boito even manages to improve on Shakespeare by introducing the splendid musical and dramatic stroke of Iago's Creed of Evil.

Cosi Fan Tutte is a farce; not to say a burlesque. Two young men are found by an older friend to be swearing that their sweethearts are paragons of fidelity. The friend lays bets with them on this interesting point, and the young men pretend to leave for the wars, only to reappear instantly with different hats and false whiskers. This naturally constitutes an impenetrable disguise, under cover of which each pays his addresses (to put it at its most modest) to the other's sweetheart. Since each is completely successful, the opera ends with mutual unmasking, mutual horror, and mutual forgiveness. And the title in English means "All The Girls Do It."

Show this plot to anybody appearing at the Casino, or any similar place where Shakespeare's tradition of comedy is allowed by the police to be carried on in a living form, and it will be instantly certified as sure-fire. The only difficulty will be to find a chance to *avoid* comic innuendo so as to give the audience a chance to recover. And all this jolly nonsense is washed along in a stream of Mozart's most charming and engaging music, with its usual irresistible note of sadness in the midst of mirth which gives sudden flashes of insight and character to the cheerful extravagances of the action.

The parts are wickedly difficult to sing. It is almost a chamber opera. There are only six characters (and an offstage chorus of, presumably, stagehands). Most of the tricky stuff is in duets, trios and so forth, where the action scampers lightly along, and each character takes its own part in a web of beautiful counterpoint whose successive parts are as clear and as transparent as so many sheets of crystal. But consider the reverse of this enticing picture. The slightest mistake, the slightest error of taste by any one of the singers at any time, and we are confronting a spectacle as shocking as a red nose on the Venus de Milo.

Not only this, but one of the characters, being written for a lady with a freak voice who was a connection of Mozart's, has the range of a soprano on top of that of a contralto. There are too many young ladies with no low notes who call themselves sopranos; and too many with no high notes who call themselves contraltos. Butler has pointed out that those with neither high nor low notes call themselves mezzo-sopranos; and all three classes should gaze on the part of Fiordiligi, and be abashed.

FROM our lofty pinnacle of the ultimate in musical taste (the latest fashion, in other words), it seems remarkable that people should not have reverently laid the work aside as an almost unperformable masterpiece, to which they made profound obeisance.

But no. Apparently the plot affronted Victorian sensibilities, just as the title (in English) affronted the even more delicate sensibilities of a U.S. radio network. Persons who had not read Mozart's letters, nor (apparently) listened closely to *Don Giovanni,* gave it as their opinion that the divine Mozart would never engage in

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such high jinks of his own accord, and that therefore he must have undertaken the work with reluctance, and must have regarded the libretto as so much beneath his contempt, that he was prepared to ignore the requirements of the drama, and instead string off a meaningless necklace of beautiful songs. That judgment is a positive certificate of a tin ear. What a thing to say of a work whose first act finale equals the second act finale of *Figaro* as a masterpiece in which the repetitions and symmetries of absolute music are wedded forever to the diversities and reversals of dramatic action!

And yet I heard the other day of a gentleman, who should know very much better, claiming he had never been able to follow the plot of this opera. He had read the score, but he had not seen it on the stage. Not follow the plot! I know who this vagabond is: he is the person who sits behind me in the theatre, and when the United States Marines gallop triumphantly across the screen, he turns to his neighbor and says: "Are those the good guys or the bad guys?" I have killed him with my bare hands several times, but like the phoenix, he rises again from the ashes to which I consign him.

Nobody, I suppose, knows when the Opera Festival will be able to tour many of our cities. A Salzburg company did make a tour of *Cosi Fan Tutte* around 1930 or thereabouts. But we have had the opera on CBC Wednesday Night, and the incomparable Glyndebourne Company has recorded it. So there is really no excuse for not getting hold of it. Like all great comedy it stretches from low pantomime to high satire and from the Ascent of Man to the Fall of the Angels. It is a complete work of art, and though there are many greater, I think there is none closer to being perfect, for all complete works of art are equally types of perfection.

•

Opposes Subsidy

Lister Sinclair's suggestion (SN Jan. 24) that the Federal Government subsidize opera seems grossly unfair to those who do not like this form of entertainment. I see no reason why opera should not pay for itself, provided we have adequately large theatres, which are, I agree, deplorably lacking in Canada.

One often hears of celebrated artistes joining the appeals for opera or symphony funds, yet their own salaries are probably the greatest expense of all. Unlike many a film star, whose "talent" may depend on the ephemeral asset of a leg or face which may wither after a brief career, most first-rate singers can look forward to 20 or even 30 years of success and, therefore, have little excuse to make financial hay while the sun shines. The fact that more than one opera star has retired with a fortune, even after a decade or two of luxurious living, is ample proof of their gigantic salaries.

As an ardent theatregoer since my teens, may I suggest that if subsidies are required, opera stars themselves be the first to contribute by reducing their fees by at least 64 per cent. Even in these days of high taxes it is quite possible to live pleasantly on a thousand a week. It would be interesting to see the balance sheet of a famed opera house and find out just exactly where the money goes. Judging by some of the dingy productions I have seen, it certainly wasn't spent on scenery or costumes and don't tell me that Mozart is still collecting royalties at this late hour.

Vancouver EDWARD ROBB

Enjoyment of Music

I would like to see the term "musical appreciation" scrapped and "the enjoyment of music" substituted for it. For in "appreciation," as the word itself indicates, there is involved, consciously or unconsciously, the concept of "pricing," of determining artistic values, and that lands us at once in the uncharted bog of "musical criticism".—ERNEST NEWMAN in *The Sunday Times* (London)

1952

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PORTS OF CALL

In the "Venice of America"

by Forrest Crane

THE MAGNIFICENT BEACH IS OPEN TO ALL VISITORS

WATER, water, water — 140 miles of it, not counting that along the spacious Atlantic Ocean beach—is an exclusive attraction that sets Fort Lauderdale, on Florida's lower east coast, apart from rival resorts and helps to make it a Mecca around the calendar for many Canadians.

Every so often a city actually comes close to living up to the reputation advertised for it by a prideful Chamber of Commerce. Fort Lauderdale is such a city. It is popularly called the "American Venice." Actually it is almost that.

Fort Lauderdale has scenic rivers, bays, lakes, inlets and canals. Many are man-created, but this makes little difference either to permanent residents or visitors for, natural or artificial, they serve to enhance the beauty and splendor of this sub-tropical wonderland.

Miles of picturesque residential property fronts on waterways. This makes it fashionable for friends to visit by pleasure boat rather than by automobile. Yachts and cruisers tie up at private docks at lawn's edge.

DESPITE its population of some 45,000—double the census in 1940—Fort Lauderdale still is so new that many of the handful of first white settlers remain on the scene. The city was incorporated in 1911.

Even the river that bisects Fort Lauderdale and leads into some unspoiled jungle country is new—by river standards. It is called New river because, according to historic records, it suddenly came into being during a period of great rains in May, 1765.

The presence of so much navigable water makes Fort Lauderdale a natural destination for the cruising set. To encourage this type of visitor, the city wisely invested $2,500,000 three years ago in a glamorous yacht basin with capacity and complete marine services for 450 pleasure craft.

This ultra modern facility, named Bahia-Mar, lies on the protected Intracoastal Waterway, which stretches from Philadelphia to Miami. Yet it is within sight of and less than 10 minutes from the open water of the ocean and excellent big game fishing.

At winter's peak, Bahia-Mar is a veritable beehive of boating activity. Many visitors live aboard their craft there for the season. Each berth has its own fresh water, electricity and telephone connection.

Less spectacular but a healthy source of revenue is the adjoining commercial Port Everglades. It is the deepest harbor between Norfolk and New Orleans and ships bearing the flags of many nations put in there.

With inland waterways, boats and salt water fishing playing a role of major proportions in its lure, it follows that Fort Lauderdale's golden beach would be a tremendous drawing card, too. It is. In 1952, Capt. Frank Dane and his lifeguard staff counted 828,012 sun and surf bathers.

The municipal beach is distinctive in that every inch of it is open to the public. In contrast to cities which permit hotels to block off sections of beach from the public, Fort Lauderdale maintains its bathing area on a free-to-all basis. Because it dislikes litter, the city prohibits picknicking and pets on the beach.

—Photos courtesy August Burghard, Inc., Fort Lauderdale

A TYPICAL WATERWAY HOME: VISITING IS BY BOAT

IN ADDITION to its waterways and oceanfront, other natural endowments of Fort Lauderdale are climate and location. Warm in winter and cool in summer, the weather is always inviting. The winter temperatures mean is 68.6 degrees, the summer mean 82.4.

Many summer guests are amazed that the mercury seldom reaches 90 in July, August or September. This is due to the influences of the mysterious Gulfstream which, in its northward course, flows less than two miles offshore as it passes Fort Lauderdale. The Gulfstream's temperature remains fairly constant winter and summer. There are days in winter and summer when the ocean surf actually is warmer than the air.

Location-wise, Fort Lauderdale is a sightseeing centre because of its proximity to Palm Beach, Miami and the Everglades.

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Tory Rebel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Elected to Ottawa in 1911, Stevens got his first breath of the big league political dust which was to be an irritation and an inspiration to him all his life. Later he was in the World War I national government, Minister of Trade and Commerce in the Meighen Union Government of 1921, and was re-elected in 1925 despite his party's defeat.

In 1926, in the wildest donnybrook of his career, he helped Meighen blast the Liberals with the customs department scandal, caused the Government to resign and nearly ended King's career.

He named names, charged the King Government with conniving with the underworld and dereliction of duty.

Vancouver's "favorite son," Ian Mackenzie, defeated him in 1930 but Bennett, determined to have him in Ottawa, opened the Kootenay East seat to bring him back.

In 1935, he quit the party in a scrap with Bennett over his (Stevens') findings during a Royal Commission into business and employment practices. In the subsequent election he indirectly aided his sworn enemies the Liberals by taking enough votes from Tory candidates to elect a number of Liberals. He got 175 candidates into the field only three months after founding his Reconstruction Party, in itself a fabulous feat of proselytizing and organization.

But only Stevens himself was elected, and King himself admitted surprise that more Reconstructionists had not been returned.

When Stevens Commission findings had become public, though supposedly only revealed to a Tory meeting, Bennett had been enraged with the man who had attacked Conservative business men he apparently represented in the Cabinet. Stevens ignored the Prime Minister's call to withdraw the report and apologize, quit the party and formed his own. Once more the politician had acted at the bidding of the man of principle.

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Weather

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Calgary is 194 miles farther south. A gardener in the Yukon has less than two months growing time between frosts, yet the days are so long there in the summer that the plants work overtime, and his vegetables dwarf those grown in more temperate latitudes.

There are three things people don't like to be kidded about: their religion, their children's looks, and the climate of their home town. The Newfoundlanders claim that their bracing salt air is the healthiest in the country, while the natives of Moose Jaw or Winnipeg shiver in the "damp" climate of Toronto or Montreal.

The natives of Saskatoon and Sudbury claim that their cold winters are not cold at all because they are dry, but a visitor to these cities from Nanaimo, B.C. longs to return to Vancouver Island to warm up again. Climate, like beauty, is in the eye (or the skin surface) of the beholder, and a slight mist in Vancouver or St. John, N.B. would be a miserable drizzle in Hamilton or Drummondville, Quebec. Everybody in Canada probably lives in the climate he deserves—and the one he thinks is the best in the world.

Our climate is gradually warming up, but it will be some time before bathing beauties are seen on Lake Winnipeg's beaches in January. Many of us can tell the temperature on a summer night by counting the number of a cricket's chirps during 14 seconds and adding 40 to the total, but nobody can forecast what the temperature will be on this day next week.

We have been kidding ourselves that April is the wettest month of the year, but actually the rainiest warm weather month is July, except in Halifax, Sydney and Clayoquot, B.C. If you don't believe this, phone your weatherman—or, if you live in Clayoquot, don't phone him, shoot him. Nine feet of rain and snow in a year —how wet can you get?

Non-American Way

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THE readership is put in place
By being told that the word
RACE
Is the most misused in the language
And apt to mystify the lineage.

Some pundits refer ethnology
To the terms of phrenology
With heads long, or short, or average.
While others trace the parentage
By the various kinds of hair.
Not brown, or dark, or fair,
But ivory, spiral, smooth or curly,
Woolly, corrugated, but not whirly.
Another school, and no less trite,
Divides us into black and white,
And red and yellow with great ease.
But, whichever way you please:
Visual features will define
The inter-racial border line.

Yet, McCarran's claim ad nauseam,
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That your RACIAL origin
Hinges not on next-of-kin,
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Ignoring divergence of features
They stamp us identical creatures.
Thus twisting Mother Nature's angle
They warped their views into a tangle
Of race, people and nationality,
Colour, country and equality.

Finis to such aberrations!
Viva the United Nations!
Who, without harsh criticism
Debunk all racial mysticism,
And for a buck explain what race is
On a non-American basis.

BRUCE CUNNINGHAM

•

In "Men of Albemarle" by Inglis Fletcher: page 17, "her ash-blond hair lay in thick curls . . . against her slim throat"; page 86, "showing the white skin of her neck"; page 158, "her small head . . . rising from the ivory column of her throat"; page 162, "the well-placed head on her fine white throat"; page 172, "the hollow of her throat"; page 254, "his lips on her throat"; page 300, "soft curls about her neck"; page 302, "the pulse quicken in her throat"; page 304, "clasped it about her throat"; page 498, "the words . . . choked in her throat."

Catches at the throat, doesn't it?

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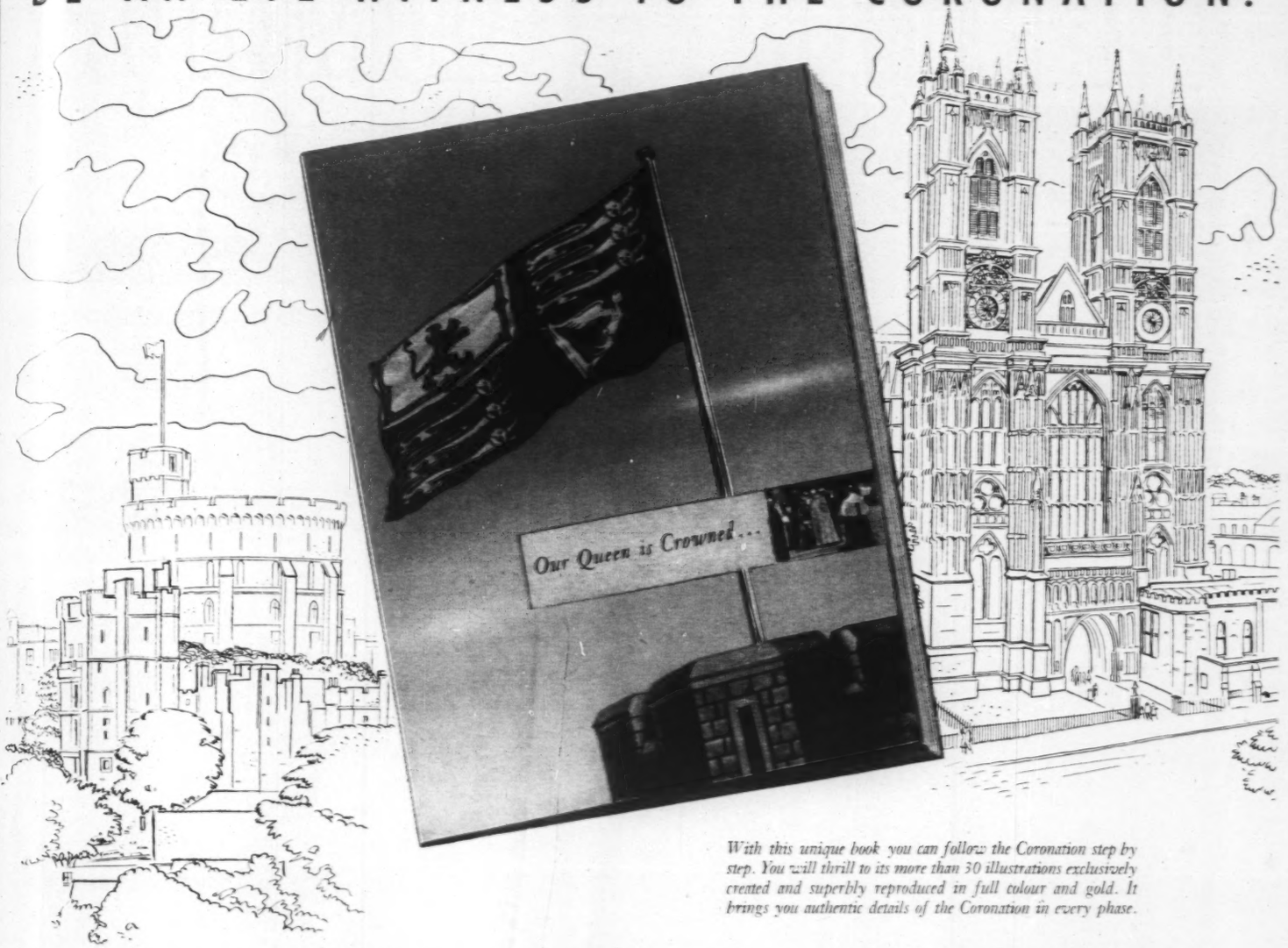

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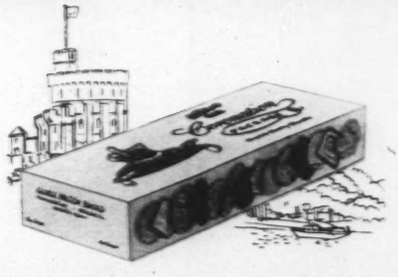

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"OPERATION ALUMINUM"

KITIMAT
...half way

The first stage of the big aluminum development at Kitimat — 400 miles north of Vancouver — is moving ahead on schedule. KENNEY DAM is finished and water is rising in the 350-square-mile lake it is creating. The ten-mile TUNNEL, with a drop sixteen times that of Niagara Falls, is now driven about one-half of the way through the mountain toward the half-completed KEMANO POWER-HOUSE. Rock miners, working under a mile-high mountain, are carving out a cavern three city blocks long, preparing the way for the installation of three 150,000 h.p. generators. TRANSMISSION LINE work is well advanced; the fifty miles of right-of-way between Kemano and Kitimat has been cleared and many of the 250 towers erected. The SMELTER is steadily rising in the cleared forest site. Target date for the first pour of aluminum is spring, 1954. Operation Aluminum in British Columbia is on schedule!

PERIBONKA
...nearing completion

The new CHUTE DU DIABLE powerhouse on the Peribonka River, in the Saguenay district, is in full operation. Its five 55,000 h.p. generators are now feeding power to Alcan's smelters in the Saguenay valley. CHUTE-A-LA-SAVANNE, down-stream from Chute du Diable, is also rapidly approaching the day when all five of its generators will add 270,000 h.p. to the Saguenay power network.

ISLE MALIGNE smelter addition is now in production and its full capacity is available for civilian and defense needs. In 1953, Alcan's four smelters in the Province of Quebec will produce over 1 BILLION POUNDS of aluminum ingot for the markets of the free world.

In the fifty-two years since the first Canadian aluminum plant opened at Shawinigan Falls, Canada's aluminum industry has grown to be the second largest in the world; and Canada now exports more aluminum than any other country.

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Science

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

science at this stage can be forced to serve any master.

Is this actually happening in our society? *The New York Times* of December 7, 1952, disclosed some frightening statistics. During the current academic year, American universities are spending a record total of $350 million on research programs. Most of this money has been granted by the Federal government; over 50 per cent of it will be administered by the Department of Defense. At some institutions, these grants constitute more than half of the total operating income from all sources. Ninety per cent of the money is earmarked for research in the physical or biological sciences. Only a fraction will go to the humanities, and virtually none of the Government's funds will be devoted to the social sciences or liberal arts.

COMPARABLE statistics for Canada are lacking, but there is little reason for thinking the northern picture rosier. In fact, the social sciences probably receive far less support here than they do in the United States. Yet many believe that more attention should be paid to research in the social sciences and humanities, for democracy needs moral as well as physical strength. A committee of the American Council on Education, specifically appointed to see what could be done to counteract this imbalance, warned, "It is clear that these vast funds for research are having significant effects, often unrecognized, upon procedures and objectives of the institutions that receive them."

The New York Times article further shows that the great emphasis is upon applied research. Of $340 million the Government has allotted to non-profit institutions, 173 million is listed for applied research, 71 million for basic. While funds for applied research increased nearly 30 million from 1951 to 1952, the amount for basic research decreased more than four million.

THUS universities are gradually committing a large share of their staff resources to the applied field, especially in the standard scientific subjects. Yet universities have been the traditional source of basic research, applied work formerly being done by private industry. Moreover, the training of young scientists was once conducted on the broadest possible level, a level which cannot be maintained if professors think and work primarily in applied fields. The article concludes, "No nation can afford to neglect basic research since it is the source of knowledge from which come the great forward steps, not only in weapons, but in knowledge in general."

This opinion is not shared by all. Curiously enough, those who loudly oppose government support of universities evidence no concern over military subsidies to these same universities. Eisenhower as President of Columbia University and Stassen as President of the University of Pennsylvania were the leading opponents of government assistance, at a time when military research grants represented a major source of income at both institutions.

I recall a conversation I had two years ago while visiting one of Canada's largest military research centres. At supper one evening the question of government assistance to universities was raised. To my astonishment this policy was vehemently opposed by the research director on the grounds that government interference might kill science. Neither he nor apparently Eisenhower and Stassen seemed at all concerned over the far greater influence the government was already exerting. And I wonder if they really cared.

Scientists often say that genius reveals itself in the selection of problems. For they realize that great advances of knowledge have been determined more by the formulation of problems than by the solution of them. As Langer has expressed it in *Philosophy in a New Key*: "A question is really an ambiguous proposition; the answer is its determination. There can only be a certain number of alternatives that will complete its sense. In this way the intellectual treatment of any datum . . . is determined by the nature of our questions,

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and only carried out in the answers."

In the past this selection of problems was determined by many factors whose very multiplicity was perhaps their strongest point. Today the primary factor is immediate military requirements. If we were now engaged in an all-out war, this would, of course, be a necessary condition. But in terms of long-range development, such a policy of "freezing" science might prove disastrous.

Although not all scientists are possessed with a sense of problem, I do believe that, on the balance, they are better qualified in this field than the government and military administrators who now select many of their problems for them. It is my impression—formed largely from table conversations and correspondence—that many scientists do not respect the projects on which they are working. There is the constantly voiced complaint that if they could only use these funds for basic research, results of lasting value might be obtained. "If it were desired to reduce a man to nothing," wrote Dostoievsky, " . . . it would only be necessary to give his work a character of uselessness."

EQUALLY disturbing is the question of personnel. Who are chosen, and who does the choosing? I have no idea who does the choosing, but I am singularly unimpressed by many of the scientists who are chosen to receive these grants. They seem to be mainly of two types: (1) famed scientists whose principal discoveries were made years ago, and (2) scientists whose reputations have been achieved more through academic politics than solid research. From the former we can expect little, from the latter nil.

Finally there is the growing fear among social scientists that on those occasions when their disciplines are utilized by the government, it is not always in a democratic way. Perhaps they remember that in Orwell's *1984* a psychologist and a sociologist served on the Board of Propaganda and Control. Or possibly they recall that John Stuart Mill, in his essay *On Liberty*, warned that if the social sciences were perverted they would establish "a despotism of society over the individual surpassing anything contemplated in the political ideal of the most rigid disciplinarian among the ancient philosophers."

For it is one thing for a physicist to discover a law of nature; it is quite another thing for a social scientist to win, by democratic means, acceptance of his ideas by the people. I stress the word "democratic," for today we see the social sciences being used with great skill to sort out and control men for purposes not of their own willing. It is a significant measure of the impotence of liberal democracy that it must increasingly use its social sciences not directly on democracy's own problems, but on such problems as how to turn frightened draftees into tough soldiers who will fight a war whose purposes they do not understand. With such socially extraneous purposes controlling the use of social science, each advance in its use tends to make it an instrument of mass control, and thereby a future threat to democracy. The Chinese have a saying that the right method in the hands of the wrong man means that the right method works for the wrong end.

To date, government administrators have used the social sciences as drunks use lamp-posts—for support, not illumination. But one wonders again and again, what kind of a society would that society be which developed its skills, as Robert Lynd has urged, not on war, but on the problems of peace; not by discovering how to lessen men's fear in battle, but how to lessen the massive insecurities of civilian life; not by developing the synthetic morale of an army, but the living tissue of democratic solidarity; not in the hopeless search for palliatives for the caste gulf between races, but in discovering the optimum conditions of responsible democratic relations among men of different color and speech.

All this is not a question of loyalty or disloyalty, but purely one of method and results. The desire of universities to cooperate in the task of defence was clearly stated in a recent report of the U.S. Commission on Academic Freedom and Academic Tenure: "The American college was created by a free society for the higher education of its young men and women and the search for truth. While it holds to the spirit of free inquiry as a pre-condition of its work, it also views itself as none other than a part of the American society which gave it birth and which it now exists to help preserve."

It is to be seriously questioned, however, if the present policy (purely from a military standpoint, if you wish) will produce the best results. It is a peculiarity of our culture that it has long been able to maintain a delicate balance between the virtues of Athens and those of Sparta. It would indeed be unfortunate, perhaps fatal, if one set of virtues were to be emphasized at the expense of the other.

•

TO PURSUE trifles is the lot of humanity; and whether we bustle in a pantomime, or strut at a coronation, or shout at a bonfire, or harangue in a senate-house; whatever object we follow, it will at last conduct us to futility and disappointment. The wise bustle and laugh as they walk in a pageant, but fools bustle and are important; and this, probably, is all the difference between them.—*Goldsmith.*

•

WRITERS of novels and romances in general bring a double loss on their readers—they rob them both of their time and their money; representing men, manners, and things, that never have been, nor are likely to be; either confounding or perverting history and truth, inflating the mind, or committing violence upon the understanding. —*Mary Wortley Montague.*

The novel, in its best form, I regard as one of the most powerful engines of civilization ever invented. —*Sir J. Herschel.*

ECONOMIC PREVIEW

New Capital Investments Decline

by C. M. Short

A SIGNIFICANT FACT that has escaped comment in most, if not all, of the many private and official economic reviews of 1952 is that labor and governments got by far the greater part of the financial gains resulting from an increase of about 10 per cent over the preceding year in total production—new crops, other raw materials and industrial goods.

Labor was able to raise wage rates to the point where, with only a comparatively small addition (not over five per cent) to its forces, it got almost half of the value of the gross national production last year, and nearly one billion dollars more than in 1951. It is a commonplace, of course, that governments, notably the Federal Government, collected more taxes. Corporation profits after taxes were, on the whole, lower, as were the net earnings of most private businessmen, and of about 70,000 senior and junior executives who had to plan, invest and work to keep two million other people under their direction employed and better paid. Agriculture realized slightly less cash income than in 1951 while its costs, like those of industry, went up so its net earnings were quite a bit smaller than in 1951.

This article is intended as a preview rather than a review of economic conditions in Canada, but the foregoing should be kept in mind. It is not an altogether healthy situation to have only labor and governments making the most money in a year of exceptionally large production — in some respects, record production. Indeed, this situation is an economic disability extending into the current year. Fortunately, there is some relief in sight, at least for agriculture.

As is well known, the year 1952 was one of immense crop yields in western Canada. What may not be so well known is that the unsold carryover of these crops into 1953 may, under reasonably good market conditions, result in about $200 million more in farm cash income than that of last year. Most of this higher crop value is in the prairie provinces, although there is some more in the Maritimes. There is nearly 10 per cent less in Ontario and Quebec.

Much of this unsold carryover and other surplus products, such as minerals, will have to find markets outside Canada so we might do well to examine conditions in the most important of those foreign markets. According to authoritative reports, there has been an almost general economic recovery in Europe from a setback in the first half of 1952 which led the London, Eng. *Economist* to say some months ago that it might cause wonder whether it was the long heralded recession. The recovery is most pronounced in Western Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden and France, but there are also signs of improvement in Belgium and Italy.

THIS is the third in a series of articles on the Canadian economy by Mr. Short, a retired bank economist.

The recovery is, however, limited to consumers' goods, notably textiles, and to building activity, the last-mentioned due as much to a decline of about 25 per cent in the price of lumber as to the hard and unremitting work of labor in Western Germany, Holland and Scandinavia. In those areas the concept of less work for more money has not yet penetrated the working mind to any appreciable degree. While we must recognize that this recovery of Continental Europe is rather precariously balanced and has yet to prove itself conclusive and permanent, it is a much healthier situation than has been apparent at any time in the post-war period.

BRITAIN and her sterling partners have shared in this improvement in the economic conditions of Continental Europe. Thus, the sterling group has been able to improve its trade position, not merely by restricting its imports, but by increasing its exports and so bettering its dollar earning capacity. For example, British exports of textile goods increased by 15 per cent toward the end of 1952.

The British Commonwealth Conference was marked less by destructive than instructive criticism. In other words, there was more general agreement to enter the year 1953 with a broad new program to put the pound sterling on equal terms with the dollar than to continue trade restrictions which had made the sterling area the weak sector of the free world. Out of all the deliberations of the Conference emerges the central and encouraging fact that the sterling area is bent upon improving its position in free world economy by greater production and trade. This change in policy, together with the sound recovery in Continental Europe, provides the non-American section of the free world—Western Europe, Britain and her sterling partners, as well as Canada—with a more respectable trade approach to the United States, upon which country depends the final solutions of the free world's economic difficulties in trade and exchange convertibility.

The United States can claim that it has been generous—indeed, over-generous—in its contributions to the recovery of Continental Europe and the sterling group. But at the same time the dollar deficient countries can rightly claim that partly by their own exertions they have been able to reduce in the last five years their dollar deficit from about $12 billion per annum to less than $2½ billion, with import restrictions considerably less than they were in 1947. This point is of great importance at a time when the new American Administration is looking more closely at its own economic body and considering whether the vitality of its European allies can be sustained, in one way, by renewal of the American Reciprocal Trade Act.

American political isolationists will fight hard in time for higher tariffs and other customs regulations which would preserve the world's biggest market for its own producers and traders, and they could argue effectively that the United States tariff wall is only half as high as it was about fifteen years ago. The counter argument should be, of course, as many enlightened American businessmen and trade organizations have pointed out recently, that the United States can only play its real part in free world trade by importing more raw materials and goods from other countries than it exports to them. This also seems to be the view of the new President, who is on record as favoring an expansion of world trade and who is apt to maintain that attitude, at least while some of his isolationist partisans are preoccupied with other matters, such as measures for tax reductions.

TARIFF changes in the United States are however, conditioned partly by the state of business in that country. Recently a series of analyses and predictions of the American economy have become available, all taking into consideration how that economy will be affected if and when defense expenditures decline. It might be noted in the first place that American defense authorities have at their disposal unspent appropriations of about $80 billion and that while these may be trimmed by the new Administration the amount left is likely to be so large that it cannot all be expended this year.

Among the mass of the recent analyses and predictions, one, that of the Federal Reserve Bank authorities in Washington, seems the best both as to validity and as to the probable course of general business conditions in the United States. The folllowing is taken from this report:

> Further expansion of expenditures for national security purposes is planned. In view of prospective additions to present large productive capacity, the likely further growth in the civilian labor force and in productivity, and the large stocks of goods held by both businesses and consumers, the economy appears to be in a position to meet the requirements of the defense program as presently planned and to satisfy somewhat larger private demands as they may develop.

So much for conditions bearing upon the prospects for Canada's export trade, major factors that determine every year the general condition of business in this country. Another, and equally important, factor is the new capital investment to provide additional productive, trade and service facilities, and of course new employment opportunities.

Since the writer made, at the end of 1945, the first survey of projected new capital investments ever undertaken in this country about $25 billion has been spent on, or committed for, additional sources of raw materials, industrial goods, power, communication, trade and service facilities, housing, institutions (such as hospitals and schools) and public works. About three-quarters of this huge amount was for production, trade and service, that is, apart from new housing and institutions, and approximately two-thirds was undertaken by private enterprise, though with some assistance from governments in the form of depreciation allowances, etc.

THE authorities in Ottawa have made up their estimates of new capital expenditures for the current year and doubtless have found some changes since they prepared their compilations for 1952 involving such expenditures of about $5¼ billion. While they will certainly find that such vast projects as those for the development of minerals will be continued this year, and probably expanded, they are also likely to find that some defense contracts will have to be renegotiated as a result of disclosures in the Currie Report.

It is probable, too, that they will find that there is less American capital available for natural resource development in this country for, as a business editor of the *New York Times* has pointed out, "the boom in Canadian securities has worn a bit thin." And these authorities are apt to learn that as corporation profits, after taxes, have been cut during the past year there is less money for new investment in Canada itself and that this loss may not soon be fully offset by the Federal Government's action to restore the depreciation allowances which it cancelled nearly two years ago, or by any conceivable tax relief. If, however, agriculture can realize much more cash income this year it could take up some of the present slack in new capital investment by increasing its purchases of equipment and otherwise improving its properties.

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Gold & Dross

I have held some Asher Oil stock for some time. It now shows me a small profit. Should I sell it now in favour of something more active? What is your opinion of it?—B. W. I., Toronto.

Asher has proven itself one of the better grade junior oil companies. Its management, which works in close association with the Pacific Pete-Calvan group, has been successful in building up reserves to an estimated 2,875,000 barrels. New wells have been added through 1952 in the Kavanaugh and Malmo fields. These reserves when valued at $1 per barrel, plus working capital of $350,000 give a base value of approximately $1.55 per share on the issued 2,021,819 shares.

In association with Calvan, Redwater Utilities, Ryerson Mining and others, the company has also entered into a secondary recovery venture—using water flooding—in Illinois, involving 136 wells. Asher's share of the recovery is expected to amount to some 2 million barrels of oil.

Net acreage held, 465,000 acres, includes a 5 per cent interest in a block in the Heart Hill area of Saskatchewan and 88,190 acres in B.C. a large portion of which adjoins the Fort St. John gas field.

In addition to this good fundamental picture the current rumours of a merger with Merrill Oil gives the stock some speculative appeal. If our information is correct the terms of the merger will be five shares of Asher for two shares of Merrill. Merrill is still a private company and little information is available on it but we expect that the new stock will appear in the 5.50-6.00 range.

Thus the stock possesses possibilities and we would suggest that you continue to hold the stock.

Giant Yellowknife

Why does Giant Yellowknife appear to be of no more value since its rich gold find?—E. W. L., Windsor.

It would appear that much of the news of the new 409 ore body on the 750 ft. level has been discounted by the advance to 11¾ recently. In addition the new Administration in Washington has indicated rather clearly that the price of gold will remain unchanged, leaving little grounds for optimism in that direction.

As one of the gold mines which have survived the hard times through which the gold mining industry is passing, Giant should be one of the first to reflect any change in operating costs, now estimated at $24.60 per ton. Proven reserves of 1,641,000 tons indicate continued production, at the current milling rate of 700 tons per day, for the next six and a half years. A three-year program of expansion has been completed and this should enable a rapid build-up of cash reserves and possibly a resumption of dividends. Net profits could reach 25 cents per share in the current fiscal year ending June 30.

Marketwise the stock has topped at 13 since 1951, establishing a "ceiling" that will be difficult to penetrate. Support should be effective near 8.

Sherritt-Gordon

I hold 400 shares of Sherritt-Gordon and would like to know whether to hold or sell at this time. I am rather disappointed in its action since other nickel stocks have advanced considerably.—G. M. W., Toronto.

I would be inclined to hold Sherritt at the present time. With volume production at the Lynn Lake property scheduled to start late this year, the construction phase of the $35 million program is close to completion. Considering the fact that all of the expected output has been contracted for by the U.S. Government and four steel companies, the business trend will have little effect upon the company's operations until output exceeds contract requirements. Should the price react to around the 4 mark, a buying spot would be indicated.

Trans-Mountain Pipe

What is your opinion of Trans-Mountain Pipeline? As I have a rather nice profit in it, having bought some of the original issue at 10, should I take it or wait for a while? —J. McD. Toronto.

Bernard Baruch, when questioned as to how he made so much money in the market, gave a famous answer "I always get out too soon". This is still good advice and seems applicable in this situation.

The latest indications of starting capacity given by the Company show the construction of a fourth pumping station is under consideration. This would give a daily throughput of 150,000 barrels per day, or an annual flow of 54,750,000 barrels. While actual operating costs can only be determined from experience and tariffs per barrel remain an undefined variable, the projection of possible earnings and costs laid down in the prospectus offers us a yardstick of considerable value.

Assuming a rate of 30 cents per barrel, on 150,000 barrels per day, an estimate of net earnings of $2.15 per share is shown. Even if this were doubled, which is possible on higher rates, we could expect a maximum dividend of 50 per cent of net, or about $2.00 per share. At the current market price this would give a yield of about 4½ per cent.

On this favorable basis the stock must be classed as a speculation at present prices, for the recent broad advance in the price has more than discounted indicated developments. In addition, further capital in the form of either additional bonds or stock will be required for the expansion of plant. The appearance of such news could considerably dampen speculative ardor.

Technically, study of the chart pic-

ture indicates the stock has overrun and a reaction to around 35-36 is possible. Thus we would suggest that you take your "nice profit" and place your name on the waiting list for a possible new bond issue.

Bata

Do you consider Bata a good buy at present prices? I understand the company has an interest in a potash company. Can you supply any information on it?—S. T., Willowdale.

Yes, Bata would appear to be a good investment at present prices, with oil reserves of 1,860,000 barrels plus the large interest in salt and potash production through Prairie Salt Co. and Western Potash Corp. which it supplies with gas under long term contracts. The company also supplies gas to the Unity Gas Supply Co. Computing oil at $1 per barrel, gas at 3 cents per thousand cu. ft. plus working capital of $311,-269 we arrive at a value of 35 cents per share before plant, equipment and other interests are considered. While unstated, we understand the company holds a ten per cent interest in Western Potash Corp.

Development news from Western Potash indicates that sinking of the 3,475 ft. shaft to the potash deposits is well under way and the Saskatchewan Power Commission is building a 15-mile power line into the property.

The Unity gas field has been developed to the point where some 24 billion cu. ft. of natural gas has been proven and some estimates consider potential reserves of 100 billion cu. ft. are possible.

Thus prospects seem good for this company.

Bonds

I have some Government bonds which are now quoted at only $93.75. Would you explain why these bonds that I paid $100 for now have this value.—Mrs. R. J. S., Barrie.

The principal reason for this is that succeeding issue of Government bonds have carried higher rates of interest than the Victory bonds you hold. Thus the open market price of the lower interest bonds has been marked down to where a purchaser will find that the various issues of bonds, with different interest rates, have been adjusted in price to a point where the yield or interest per dollar invested is approximately the same. As the date of the bonds maturity—the date when it will be repayable at face value by the Government—approaches, the market price of your bonds will tend to move up to par.

What is a convertible bond?—E. J. R., Timmins.

A convertible bond is one that is convertible into common stock at the times and prices laid down in the prospectus. For example, a $1,000 bond may be convertible into 300 shares of stock at $3.33 by 1954, 250 shares of stock at $4.00 per share by 1956 and 200 shares at $5.00 per share by 1958.

Actually a convertible bond is a hybrid cross between a preferred and a common stock and must be considered as a common stock with a fixed rate of return, usually 5 per cent face interest. As their value will change in exact proportion to the common stock they are best bought at par or below.

Uranium

Do you think uranium mining will ever develop into a real industry or is the present market activity pure speculation.—A. E. T., Oakville.

With only very sketchy development work done on many of these properties the current hectic trading in uranium issues must be considered as pure speculation. However, it is worthy of note that with the exception of the Eldorado property, on which the Government has expended some $8 million and several years' effort, no uranium mine has yet come into real production so far. It seems obvious that large expenditures must be made and considerable time elapse before any real estimate of value of these prospects can be made. The presence of uranium ore is one thing and the establishment of an ore body that will pay off commercially is another.

One question seems to stand out and begs to be asked. If these properties are so rich why do the promoters have to sell stock to the public in something that is of top priority to any government? Loans and long term production contracts have been made by the various agencies of the U.S. Government concerned with the stockpiling of various strategic materials such as copper and nickel so why not loans for uranium?

Canada Foils

I have some Canada Foils stock which I bought at 10. Since then the price has fallen considerably and the stock hardly trades. Could you tell me what is wrong with this company?—E. M. S., Toronto.

The major reason for the decline in the stock would be the issuing of $1.5 million in first mortgage bonds last year. These funds plus funds from the treasury are being used to build and equip a new factory. Until this plant comes into production there seems little likelihood of the present dividend rate of 40 cents per share on the common stock being increased. As this rate gives a yield of only four per cent at 10, investors are more inclined to be attracted to the yields available in high grade bonds. For example the bonds issued by the Company carry a coupon of 5½ per cent. This, together with the small capitalization of 100,000 shares of Class A stock and 100,000 shares of common stock, makes for a "thin" inactive market.

From the recent annual reports the company appears in good shape and gross earnings have risen steadily since 1949, as have net profits. Thus we would be inclined to ignore the present short term market picture and take the long term view which would call for adding to your holdings on declines.

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Common Shares

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NORANDA MINES LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an interim dividend of One Dollar ($1.00) per share, Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable March 16th to shareholders of record February 13th, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
C. H. WINDELER,
Secretary.
Toronto, Ontario,
February 5, 1953.

INSURANCE

Ex Gratia Settlement

by G. L. Pratt

DISGRUNTLED and misled persons who are prone to hiss "chiselers" whenever Insurance enters discussion are lamentably off the beam.

Insurance—of all classes—has a long and enviable record as an institution that neither drives a hard bargain nor hews relentlessly to a line. Some of the lines that Insurance doesn't hew to are in that "small print" that will ever rise to plague underwriters. People just *won't* read their policies—which is probably the prime cause of a far from uncommon phenomenon known as an Ex Gratia Loss Settlement.

A somewhat lyric but fitting translation of that bit of insurance jargon gives it this sense: settlement of a claim by virtue of the insurance company's big heart only, because it is clear from the policy's written terms that it actually has no obligation.

Insurance companies have steadfastly kept their ex gratia claims hidden beneath a bushel. This is understandable but nevertheless a great pity. Insurance is a business based on the written word and a mass of precedent, and the undue disturbance of either —by departure therefrom — might have far-reaching consequences. So, little is heard of the countless ex gratia cases. Insurance companies continue to be attacked as "chiselers" and hard-bitten sticklers for the strictly dotted "i".

Let a few histories now be considered. And let it be remembered that these no more than hint at the aggregate ex gratia disbursements of 300 companies in Canada annually, each with its share of similar loss dealings.

During the war, the wife of a young overseas serviceman lost her life in a dwelling fire. She was cleaning rugs for some of her husband's old customers and, with no "shop" since her man's enlistment, did this work in the home basement. Before the small house burned down, there was an explosion. A 5-gallon can of gasoline was clearly indicated to have been the responsible factor.

Thus the absent serviceman's $2,000 fire policy was invalidated on two counts; change material to the risk—industrial processing activity in a dwelling; unpermitted quantity storage of gasoline. The insurance company concerned was under no contractual obligation to pay one dime, but it did not hesitate. An ex gratia settlement cheque for $2,000 went forward at once.

NOW for a type of claim, unlike the above, that is constantly confronting company loss people.

This dear old lady, an agent reports, says someone told her the insurance company would "do over" the kitchen. Where the wall was discoloured a bit, near the stovepipes, was "fire damage" the visitor said. So she had reported the "fire".

No claim here, decides the loss man, just wear and tear. A glance at the policy copy shows him the insurance has been in force for thirty years, with no previous claim. So he has a change of heart.

One of the company's inspectors soon calls on this naive old claimant. He explains what "ex gratia" means, and why this is written on the $25 cheque — and only hands the settlement to her after exacting a promise that stovepipes will be set out six inches further from the wall! Borderline "scorch" claims like that one are legion and are usually resolved just as smoothly.

IT CANNOT be stressed too strongly that it is a settlement for goodwill only and not because there is any legal obligation to settle the claim, or, indeed make any payment at all.

And a final story to illustrate that even among these "chiseling" insurance companies there is a high sense of honor and responsibility. This one happened in the U.S. and is an epic for a secondary reason also: it involves an extremely rare hazard — a perfidious insurance agent.

A great new seven-figure suspension bridge was constructed some years ago. Inland Marine policies on bridges cover against most perils — including falling meteors even — and are, as a rule, a wholly typewritten job prepared on blank forms. In this case a bridge policy was written, properly countersigned and delivered by the agent of a highly respected and successful insurance company.

One squall-torn day long afterwards, the huge bridge set up such violent vibrations that it collapsed — a total loss.

The story of a man who pocketed a large premium, feeling secure in the long odds against loss, emerged very soon. The Insurance company had no copy of the policy of course, didn't know it was on the risk, had received no premium and — the last straw — naturally had no reinsurance of its large, and hitherto unknown liability with other insurance companies. The defaulting agent was nevertheless the company's appointed representative, so it was well and truly stuck!

A million dollar loss under such circumstances looked pretty formidable.

But once again the instinctive helping hand of Insurance evidenced itself. This time the ex gratia settlements were all within the family. Each of the company's regular reinsurers kicked in a share of the big bridge loss—with nary a type-written word, "small print" or a penny of premium on the record. The claim was paid in full, and promptly.

The misguided individual responsible for such a test of business integrity at least had *that* satisfaction to color the long months of his seclusion.

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SIMPSONS, LIMITED

NEW COMMON SHARES

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of twelve and one-half cents (12½c.) per share on the outstanding new Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable March 16, 1953, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on February 16, 1953.

The transfer books will not be closed.

By order of the Board.
Frank Hay,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Toronto, February 3, 1953.

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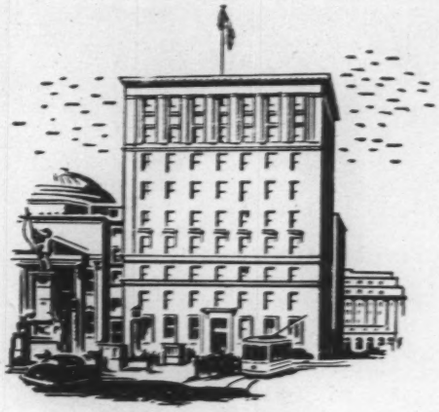

Fifty-Third

ANNUAL REPORT

The steady expansion of our business and the increase in assets under our administration give evidence of the growing appreciation of the value of our services. Our financial position is indicated in brief by the figures shown hereon, condensed from our Annual Report for 1952.

We are now serving—from our eighteen Branch and Agency offices across Canada and in London, England—more individuals and corporations than ever before in our history.

A copy of our Annual Report will be sent gladly upon request.

EARNINGS	$5,451,000
EXPENSES	4,438,000
PROFIT	1,013,000
TAXES	399,000
NET PROFIT	614,000
DIVIDENDS	430,000

CAPITAL, RESERVE AND SURPLUS
$8,739,000

ASSETS UNDER ADMINISTRATION
$1,155,000,000

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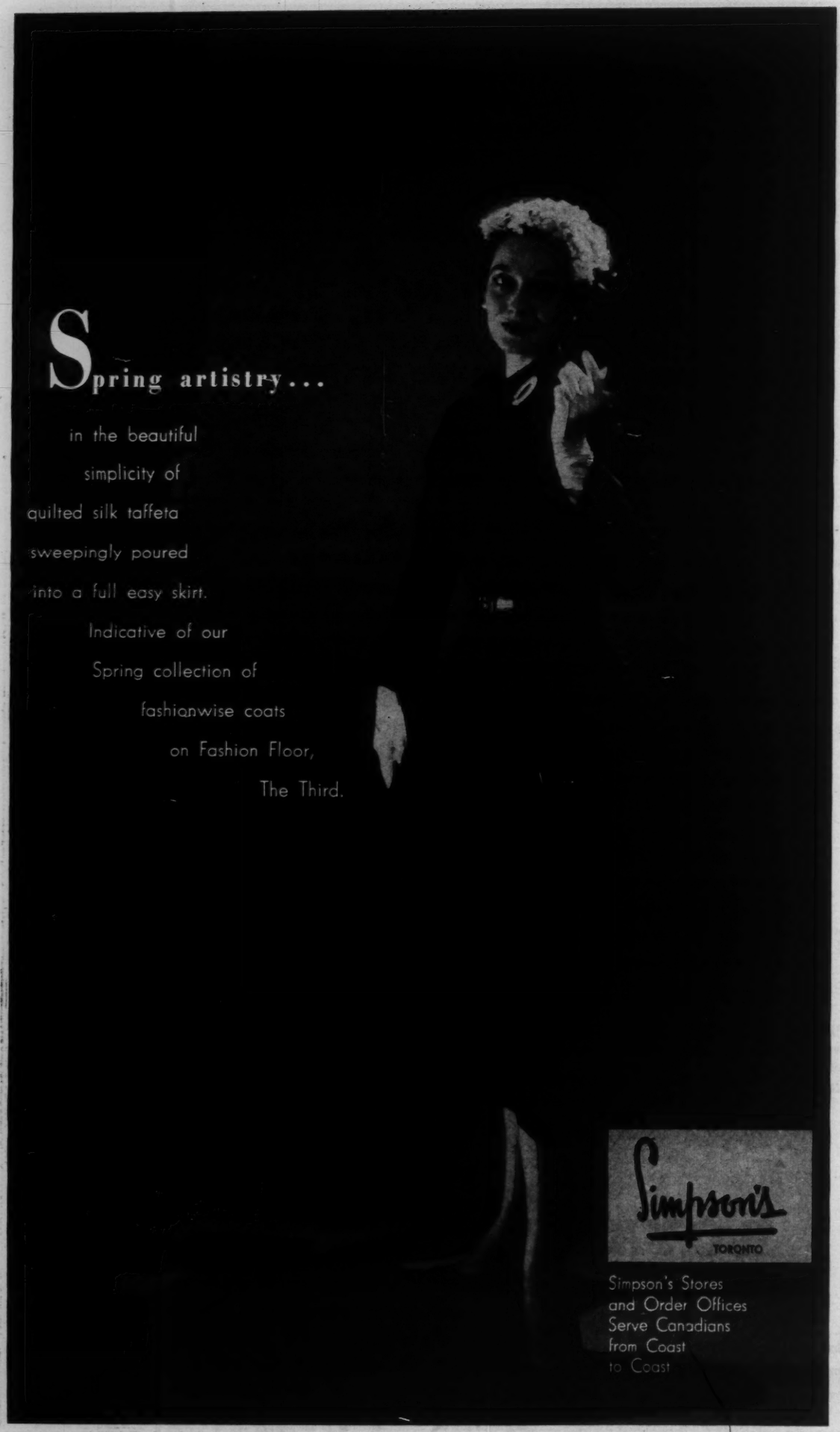

FILMS

The Prize Package

by Mary Lowrey Ross

PACKAGED entertainment on the screen is still a novelty, and its success seems to depend less on the devices of the director than on the authority and originality of the writer. Somerset Maugham's "Trio", "Quartet" and "Encore" were all unusually diverting entertainment. But Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8.30", superficial to begin with, was far too frayed by time and usage to stand exposure before the cameras.

Producer Huntington Hartford has now come up with two short stories run program fashion—Joseph Conrad's "The Secret Sharer" and Stephen Crane's "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky". Both appear to be reliable visualizations of the original stories, and both are excellent.

The short story is a compact form which allows the screen-adapter very little elbow room for his special work —*i.e.* substitutions, irrelevancies and manipulations. As a result it has a very good chance of emerging with all its special qualities intact. It is this, plus Producer Hartford's genuine respect for his authors that gives both the Conrad and the Crane screen versions a special liveliness and freshness.

"THE SECRET SHARER", retitled "Face to Face", is a typical Conrad story of a moral predicament at sea. A young Captain (James Mason) takes aboard another mariner who is guilty of justifiable homicide. Out of compassion and understanding the captain hides his refugee in his own cabin until it is possible to land him, at midnight, on a rocky dangerous shore.

It is possible that, without disrespect to Conrad, the director might have made more effective use of his camera in the opinion sequences which are rather expository and long-drawn-out. Once the situation is established, however, the story develops the peculiar quality of moral and physical tension so dear to Conrad and so rarely seen on the screen. The climax will keep you on the edge of your seat. In fact it kept the moviegoer in front of me twitching so violently with excitement that I had some difficulty in seeing what was going on.

"THE BRIDE COMES TO YELLOW SKY" looks a little like a high-spirited travesty of a Western movie in pocket form. Here we have a Sheriff (Robert Preston) who has cleaned up the town so rigorously that only one incorrigible badman (Minor Watson) lingers on. When the Sheriff leaves town to bring back his bride from a neighboring settlement the reprobate ties on a quart of whisky and goes out to shoot up the town, paying special attention to such symbols of respectability as church bells and potted plants. It is a rowdy little film and thanks to Minor Watson's role and performance, often a very funny one.

"RUBY GENTRY" is built almost entirely about Jennifer Jones' special talent for temper tantrums.

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It's drier than lager

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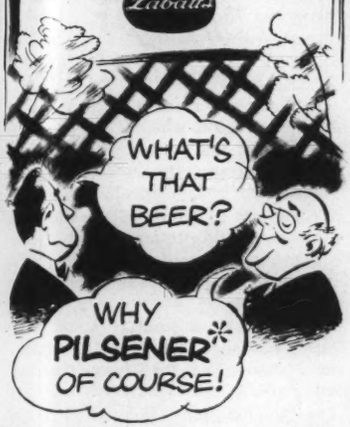

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WOLSEY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

Ruby is a poor but beautiful native of North Carolina and her sufferings rise from the fact that she lives on the wrong side of the tracks. The story is very insistent on this point, but actually there are no tracks anywhere in sight—only smooth motor roads leading to the country club and gutted lanes leading to the swamp where Ruby lives.

However, Ruby has a trick of disposing her hipline while standing in a lighted doorway that fascinates some of the town's nicest young men. With one of these Ruby falls in love and she shows the state of her feelings by alternately threatening him with a shotgun and falling into his arms. He grows tired of this after a time and goes off and marries someone else. Ruby then settles down with a rich widower who holds practically all the town's first mortgages. She now wears floor-length hostess gowns and costume bracelets halfway to her elbow, and for a little while things seem to look brighter. Presently, however, the widower disappears in a boating accident and the town people indicate their feeling that the widow had a hand in the catastrophe. This is the final social slight and Ruby promptly forecloses all their mortgages.

And so it goes, from one dreary episode to the next until Ruby and her former admirer revert to the swamp and everything ends in a family brawl, involving Ruby, her lover and Ruby's brother, an evangelical type given to singing hymns to guitar accompaniment. The brother shoots the lover, Ruby shoots the brother and the picture leaves living and dead dismally submerged in swamp water. Any number of things happen in this picture but none is sufficiently arresting to keep you from noticing how long the thing seems to be going on.

IN "Thunder in the East" we have Alan Ladd as a commercial flyer who engages in arms running on the side. We also have Charles Boyer, done up in a turban, as an unflinching advocate of non-violence. I must have missed a vital connection somewhere in the story for I can't explain why the final sequence showed Pandit Boyer machine-gunning native bandits quite as enthusiastically as Gun-runner Ladd.

Deborah Kerr and Corinne Calvet are both involved here, Miss Kerr as a blind and deeply cultured English girl and Miss Calvet as a coarser type who obliges the hero on occasion by scratching his back. The film is embarrassing and foolish in equal parts.

•

Philosophy

Away from all light, away from all sound,
Ageless, a bodiless mind floats in space
Wondering, what on earth they had found,
Those Nietzsches, and Freuds, and Schopenhauers
To talk in such earnest to a nebulous race
Of wills, and of lusts, and of quests for powers.

ANTHONY FRISCH

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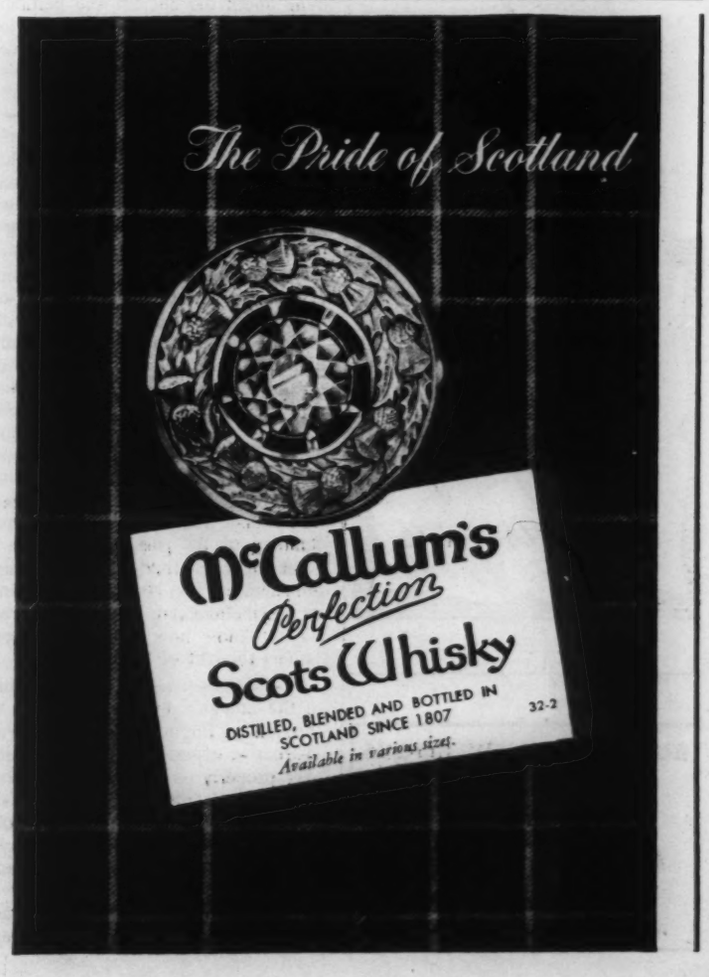

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BOOKS

Toward a Long Perspective

by Robertson Davies

A CANADIAN POET, Douglas LePan, has called this "a country without a mythology", and no one is likely to contradict him. We have no folklore of our own; anything of that sort which we enjoy we must import. It may be that this accounts for the thinness which is often apparent in our native writing, and particularly in the work of our poets; the suggestion is offered only as a springboard for speculation; there can be no dogmatism on such a point.

But no Canadian who hopes to understand the literature or the life of his own country or any other can do so without at least a passing glance at some of the important books on folklore which have been written since the beginning of the twentieth century; to have completely missed "The Golden Bough" is as serious as to have completely missed psycho-analysis. Three works related to folklore are at hand for consideration today.

THE FIRST OF THESE is a beginner's book called "Introduction To Folklore" and the name of its author, Violet Alford, is well known to students of this subject. Now folklore is not simply an examination of quaint old ways, born of a discontent with modern life; it is an approach to the past in an attempt to discover something about the ancient and permanent elements in the spiritual structure of mankind, and while it involves things which are themselves quaint and charming it is sufficiently scientific to face much which is not agreeable to modern taste. Miss Alford's book sets the enquirer's feet upon his path by providing him with information which I have never seen explained so simply and so well in a single book.

She begins with a compact and clear explanation of the vagaries of the calendar. To make any sense at all of folklore we must know not only our current Gregorian calendar, but the Julian calendar which came before it, and the Ecclesiastical calendar which is still mixed up with it, and which determines the place of Easter each year. And we must have some notion, too, of the Primitive calendar, or we shall not get far in our understanding of the past. For in even a quick glance at folklore we soon find ourselves in the Neolithic Age, and its fascinations are lost on us if we do not know how our remote forefathers thought of time.

Having given a very good account of the calendar, Miss Alford takes us through an English folklore year—an instructive experience, but one which very properly only whets our appetite for more detailed study. Her book concludes with short considerations of folksong, folk tales and folk magic. This is a good introductory book, and anyone who wants a grounding in folklore before going on to more advanced reading will search for a very long time before he finds this information in more compact form.

DR. BETT'S BOOK, after a few prosy introductory paragraphs, is enchanting—literally so. He brings to his discussion of English myth and tradition the true folklorist's mind, richly stored, allusive and not afraid of a good, wild generalization now and again. But in folklore a completely scientific attitude is as impossible as it is in any other sort of history. Folklore concerns itself, in its larger flights, with archetypes, and the sort of mind which is only impressed by stereotypes should keep clear of it.

The folklorist's theory about fairies is interestingly explained by Dr. Bett. The modern, conventional notion of a fairy as a tiny creature of poetic habits, costumed by Arthur Rackham, stems from Shakespeare. But there is reason to believe that the real fairies were the short, dark Iberian inhabitants of Britain and Western Europe, who were ousted over many centuries by invaders from the East, including our Celtic-Anglo-Saxon-Viking forebears. They were a Stone Age people, and they lingered long among the people of the Iron Age.

How long they lingered we cannot quite tell, but it is not without sig-

nificance that shortly before Christmas a Coelacanth—a fish thought to have been extinct for fifty million years—was dragged out of the ocean west of Madagascar. There may be pockets of the fairy folk—little, dark, meat-and-milk eating people, wearing pointed hoods like the Lapps, living in round-topped, half-subterranean houses, using stone implements and hunting with dogs like Chows—still living in the mountain fastnesses of Wales, or in the extremest Hebrides.

The late Arthur Machen thought so, and some of his best tales of horror are founded on that belief. And the last man of whom we have knowledge who was married to a fairy was a contemporary of William the Conqueror. If, by the way, your family coat-of-arms has a leopard in it anywhere, it probably means that you have a fairy among your ancestors.

TWO BOOKS which have had a wide influence on modern thought are the work of a folklorist called Dr. Margaret Murray. The first of these, "The Witch-Cult in Western Europe," is not easy to buy now, but any good public library should have it; the second, "The God of the Witches," has appeared in a new edition, with some new matter. Dr. Murray's fascinating theory is this: what we call witchcraft was the last trace of a prehistoric religion which once dominated Europe, and as the god of the old religion becomes the devil of the new, the horned god of antiquity was cast for the rôle of Satan by the Christian Church. To the support of this theory she brings a formidable, breath-taking and entrancing wealth of learning and argument.

This is not a suitable book for a Sunday School prize, for Dr. Murray firmly insists that the Church has been consistently and rancorously unjust to the Old Religion. Christianity spread slowly in its early centuries, and made converts among the rulers and the wealthy, taking the line that the underlings could be compelled to follow the lead of their masters. Thus, in England at the time of the Conquest, the land was Christian only in the most general sense, for not even all the aristocrats (not even William's son Rufus) acknowledged that the Lamb of God was anything more than another form of the Horned God whom they had known for so long and who had used them pretty well.

Not the least startling of Dr. Murray's contentions is her claim that Thomas à Becket and Joan of Arc were both worshippers of the Horned God, and that they died as surrogates for their Kings, who should have been Divine Sacrifices. But it is useless to attempt to distill the fascination of this book; Dr. Murray writes too well for further consideration to be effective. Read her book, if you have a crumb of intellectual curiosity; read it.

READ ALL of these books. They feed the mind. They open new paths of speculation. They illuminate dark pages of history, and in particular the very dark pages which deal with the witch-persecutions of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries; the witches offended first and foremost because they were heretics, and if a human creature is a heretic—a religious or political heretic—all other villainies are quickly added unto him. It is to learn these things, and to gain a long perspective on human thought and human feeling, that we turn to folklore. And rarely has humanity needed a long view of its own folly and credulity worse than it needs it now.

INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH FOLKLORE—by Violet Alford—pp. 157—indexed and illustrated—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.75.

ENGLISH MYTHS AND TRADITIONS — by Henry Bett—pp. 144—indexed and illustrated by Michael Ayrton—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

THE GOD OF THE WITCHES — by Margaret Murray—pp. 207—indexed and illustrated —*British Book Service*—$4.25.

In Brief

by T.J.A.

STUDIES IN HONOUR OF GILBERT NORWOOD — edited by Mary E. White — pp. 278 (thick)—*University of Toronto Press*—*$5.00*

ASSOCIATES in the Classical Association of Canada have presented these studies to Professor Norwood of the University of Toronto, on his retirement and seventieth birthday. The papers, on a range of classical subjects from "The Gods of Homer" to "Pastoral Monodies", have been written by specialists in Canadian, American and British Universities.

It is a gracious and traditional way to honor a scholar-friend; one rejoices that Canadian letters are adequate to such a frieze, done by others than the distinguished colleague thus honoured. Eager juniors on the staffs of our Universities have a brave habit of referring to the "so-called" learned societies. When their time comes, they will be thankful for a tribute like this —if they have attained to Professor Norwood's eminence and learning.

I LIVE AND MOVE—by Dorothy Henderson—pp. 104—*Ryerson*—*$3.00*.

THE POSITIVE assertion of the title of this unusual little book need not startle wits. The writer, who lives in Toronto, sets down some incidents and impressions quietly in kind prose, has a gracious chew on them, and follows each with a half-page recommendation of a book she has found worthy.

The personal essays range from saying good-bye to a daughter at a station, to geraniums, God, and friendship with a blind young woman in Korea. (The author has travelled.) The recommended books do not happen to belong to this reviewer's list of required reading, in the main. But he has read *St. Joan*, of which Mrs. Henderson approves. According to her, Shaw, not history, "has immortalized Joan of Arc by giving her the leading role in one of his finest plays." A very nice tribute to the late Mr. Shaw. It is published, oddly, in an American series called "Philosophic Library". Is thought like jelly—six delicious flavors?

THE HARMONY OF AESCHYLUS — by E. R. Owen—pp. 130—*Clarke, Irwin*—*$3.00*.

SAYS THE EDITOR of this book: "A book on Aeschylean tragedy, possibly confined to a full-scale study of the Oresteia, would have been my father's chief work, had he lived to complete it. The present book contains the foundations of that work, being the essays on which he based his graduate lectures on Aeschylus at the University of Toronto."

The book is technical, unattractive to the generality of readers. In many regards it is good that Canadian scholarship can produce such a volume, but one wonders, like the Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, if articles would not have sufficed. Professor E. M. W. Tillyard of Jesus has written his "Reflections on a Ph.D. Thesis" in the current issue of *Queen's Quarterly*. With an eye to "the general good" Canadian scholars and professors should examine his strictures on the academic machine which grinds gruellingly towards publishing a book.

YEARBOOK OF HUMAN RIGHTS FOR 1950—pp. 595 (double)—*United Nations Publications*—*$6.50, 47/6 sterling, 26 Swiss fr.*

TOO MUCH, too costly, too late. Canadian and other U.N. taxpayers do not give millions to U.N. to publish a book which should have been cheaply printed, paper bound and distributed among official files two years ago . . . Available from Ryerson Press.

THE GENTLE KINGDOM OF GIACOMO—by Evelyn Wells—pp. 375—*Doubleday*—*$4.50*.

OUR CANADIAN WINTER gives this novel a warm attraction. Its setting is southern California. It is about a kind Italian flower-grower and his exotic family and hundreds of workers. It is redolent with rhododendrons, lilies, gardenias and orchids, especially orchids. Giacomo Daneri grows acres of them under glass; he is the patriarch of commercial orchid growers. "Loveliest of all his creations" is his granddaughter Tosca "who could be both flowerlike and smouldering and whose moods were given to dancing beyond those of ordinary people and to vanishing, nearly always, in laughter". The doting grandfather named an orchid after her. Therein lies the story.

Giacomo's daughter and her husband, whom he established in sumptuous circumstances before the Depression, are a loss to him. They are flossy city folk. Their daughter Tosca grows up into speak-easy life but her roots are in Giacomo's gentle kingdom of flowers and moist earth. A few grumblers and scheming rivals pollute the fragrant air of the Daneri nurseries, among them Stoob, his lily master for thirty years, and Stoob's daughter Ludmilla. She is in love with Eric, favorite and second in command to Giacomo, and she is spiteful toward Tosca.

Tragedy strikes. The boilerhouse is blown up and old Giacomo is killed. This drives Tosca back from her bad city friend Cantrell to purposeful living. She is a space-waster in a penthouse no longer, but a true offshoot of peasant-like Giacomo in the hothouse. She manages his kingdom, recalling Eric to it and her.

The characterizations are somewhat posterish. Mild crises are well turned. The numerous wedges of information about flowers and growing techniques may be too instructive for readers intent only on enjoying a popular romance.

OBBLIGATO—by Frances Sarah Moore—pp. 253—*Ryerson*—*$2.75*.

SWELL—for those who like this sort of domesticated romance sicklied o'er with the cast of pale thought. It's clean, it drops a tear in the soap, it's Ontario in setting. Despite the absurd notion of the title and the teethy beau and belle on the cover, the novel has force. This is due to able construction and, one suspects, to the author's experience and inexperience rather than to her art and thought. The situations and characters have that sort of

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Come to Britain

truth. The resolution of the tale is unsatisfactorily truer to life than to a novel.

Katie Ord and Sam Crozier married—late love at first sight. Katie kept working for important C.W. although Sam really wanted his wife to be wifely like Momma, making pies, having babies and, better than the good old days, wearing furs like C.W.'s wife. So did Katie, so the author thinks. But Sam's low pay at first, the dear dear house they couldn't afford on one pay envelope, and illness of in-laws prevent Sam from ever becoming man enough to support Katie in domesticity.

Sam's crack under the strain is cemented by two juke boxes playing at the same time Dvorak's *Humoresque* and Foster's *Old Black Joe*. They go together harmoniously at random, just like Katie and Sam, just like an obbligato as Sam and the author realize, especially when they hear another juke box duo—*Stardust* and *Dinah*.

An authentic Loblaw's and main street in fictional Guilford, Ontario, give local colour. One is also treated to disquisitions on Russia, A-bombs, religion, the high cost of post-war living, and minky minx. The cover is new to the Canadian market—a sort of permanent cellophane thing over the dust cover, to hide a drab binding.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE — by Bernard De Voto—pp. 647—Allen—$7.00.

THIS is great historical writing. Taking Parkman and not a thousand PhD theses as his guide, Bernard De Voto paints the westward course of American empire from the early sixteenth century to William Clark who in 1805 reached the Pacific by land and "brought the United States to its shore". The book is important to Canadians and strikingly interesting from a Canadian point of view for the very reasons that more than half of it is what Canadians think of as *their* story, and because this half and the rest pre-empted into the United States, are told from an American's point of view. His view should be scrutinized closely by Canadian readers; Mr. De Voto has subtle, strong prejudices.

The story has the sweep and colour of its subject. The author has a vivid understanding of the past. His selected details illuminate the main currents of the history. Massive research has authenticated the events and personages, and their geographical, economic and social periphery. He does not debunk history; he leaves the glory while showing the dross, the honor with the rivalry and debauchery, the lure of unexplored possibilities with the lust for gold, skins and flesh. It is a magnificent story told with feeling for national and native tensions and foibles.

Mr. De Voto's American prejudice — it should make Canadians assess their own—is suggested in such a passage as this, a statement about conditions between 1790 and 1794: "The minimum (Canadian) hope—preached to the Indians, discussed with other foreign offices, and agitated by the underground—was to keep all the lands north of the Ohio River and Indian Country. That is, to make it a buffer state between the British and American empire, empty of Americans, populated by Indians who would be tributary to British sovereignty and British trade. The full hope was to attach these lands to Canada when the next war should come".

Taken alone, this statement has no kinks. Linked with other references and glancing lights (of west coast exploration to Vancouver, for instance), one suspects a resentment that Canada exists west of Ontario, an anger that the U.S. muffed its chances of swallowing the continent. The feeling is against the British and British-Canadians, rather than against the French and French-Canadians. He is rather fond of the latter, since so much of his *American* empire story is of their exploits.

The account, so full of Canada and Canadian history's creators, may give rise to a Canadian feeling of resentment that Canada was cheated of her heritage and to a wonder that the U.S. should not have been confined to the Thirteen seaboard and Appalachian states. French-Canadians held the west from Illinois to New Orleans and out to the Rockies; they and the British, in and through Canada, laid the course of empire which the Americans have, shall we say, since usurped?

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WORLD OF WOMEN

IN Malabar's studio: Stuart Mackay and costume he designed for Mary Morrison for her Opera Festival role in Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte".

CONVERSATION PIECES:

STUART MACKAY'S harsh words about most Canadian women's clothes sense . . . announcement of the Duke of Edinburgh as Patron of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, just before the club's Coronation Ball next week . . . amethyst, gemstone of the February born, once considered a "cure" for drunkenness . . . the aplomb of the male models at the Men's Apparel Fair in Toronto showing off the new, narrower and neater look to entice the average man into "the right clothes at the right time" . . . new President of the National Council of Jewish Women, Mrs. Benjamin Robinson of Montreal . . . 53 colors in shoe materials for Spring . . . audiences enjoying the intimate atmosphere created by real-life husband-and-wife teams in "The Fourposter", both movie and touring company versions, the latter with Londoner (Ont.) Hume Cronyn and his wife Jessica Tandy . . . refutation of Shakespeare's "What's in a Name?" by 16-year-old Sonja Currie of Edmonton, star-named after her mother's friend, Sonja Henie, and now Senior Women's Champion in Western Canada Figure Skating championships.

. . . February 22 as "Thinking Day" for Girl Guides and Brownies, when each company plans its own individual program of service to others as a special Coronation tribute to Queen Elizabeth . . . avalanche of feminine applications to the CPAA now that Mrs. Edna Watkins has become the first woman member in Toronto's branch of the 33-year-old Canadian Purchasing Agents' Association . . . wedding next week of Elsa Donalda Barbara MacRae, daughter of Col. Donald Fraser MacRae of "Eilean Donan", Oakville, Ont., to William MacDonald Scott of Montreal . . . the Hon. Col. W. C. Woodward, Mrs. Woodward and their daughter, Mrs. Glen McDonald, of Vancouver, in Morocco for three months.

. . . Manitoba's dog days over now, long before summer, with end of sixth annual Fur Trappers' Festival and its 200-mile Northern Canada Championship Dog Derby, goose-calling and women's ice fishing events . . . just-past-toddling-age rhythm bands striking it up at the tenth Kiwanis Music Festival in Toronto and in Montreal Simpson's infants' department . . . more Nova Scotian weavers-to-be passing the requirements set up by the Guild of Canadian Weavers than those in any other province . . . Vancouverites Joan Miller and Bernie Braden raising British hair straight up in fright, in a shocker, "The Man", with a London paper praising Miss Miller for "uninhibited, all-stops-out acting" . . . of the Canadians who do across-the-border shopping, 69 per cent interested in price as their main reason as against 25 per cent who thought in terms of style, according to recent Gallup Poll of Canada . . . Ferrar of Harriet Hubbard Ayer insisting rouge is for line, not for color . . . Canadian Minister of Health Paul Martin and Mrs. Martin, house guests of Lord Beaverbrook at Montego Bay, Jamaica . . . the Coronation tribute booklet, "Our Queen is Crowned," now available through Weston's.

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ABOUT CANADIAN WOMEN

A Designing Male Speaks His Mind

by Margaret Ecker Francis

Ask Stuart Mackay about the average Canadian woman and he puts his shaggy head in his long-fingered hands and shudders.

"I've seen them, dressed them, in all parts of Canada," he mutters. "They are too intense, too active, to be chic. They dash their mad, merry ways, fronts or rears wagging or protruding, happy as clams because they bought a dress or suit in the latest style. They couldn't care less if a hobble skirt is revolting on a size 46, or the newest color rage is definitely not for them. They think they are too busy to walk gracefully, stand properly and keep control of their sagging muscles."

Stuart Mackay, a 38-year-old Canadian with a John Barrymore look, is a designer with a flair for clothes with personality. Barbara Ann Scott sparkles over the ice in skating costumes with the Mackay line. Some of Lena Horne's favorite gowns were designed by him, and Sally Rand sent for him to create the costumes for her World's Fair extravaganza. Canadian socialites have curtsied to royalty wearing the Mackay label and a touring French countess who caught up with him in Vancouver took a trunk full of his evening gowns home to Paris.

There's hardly a year without a dressed-by-Mackay customer on Canada's ten-best-dressed list. But his approach to fashion has remained as unorthodox as his career; he has been, in turn, artist, taxi-driver, logging-camp cook, construction worker, ballet dancer, and dress designer.

Perhaps his days in BC's hinterland, his contacts with people of all types, have given him a "nothing sacred" attitude toward the female figure and fripperies. "A Dior or a Fath original wouldn't make a woman well-dressed, if style doesn't start from the skin out," he says.

"I've never seen a woman yet, and this includes actresses and professional dancers, with a figure so perfect she didn't need a good foundation garment. A woman who waggles or protrudes where she shouldn't, wouldn't be well-dressed in the most beautiful costume ever created. A woman with a trim figure can be attractive in a cotton housecoat."

He has told a millionairess to go home for a good-fitting foundation garment before he would drape a yard of brocade around her. He has told show business headliners that their public may think their figures perfect, but for his tape measure, there was too much of a good thing in some places.

Unorthodox again, he holds that a size 44 can look as chic as her size 12 daughter, if her figure is controlled and she chooses her clothes intelligently. Then, too, he contends that too many women deaden themselves with the wrong clothes. "If their clothes dramatize their personalities, they would find themselves with more poise, more confidence."

Although his clientele includes stars of the theatre, and some of Canada's wealthiest, it also includes career women, waitresses, telephone operators and white collar girls of all types. He believes that business women and housewives dressing on a modest budget often have more elegance and style sense than women with unlimited spending money. The less money a woman has, the harder she tries, in many cases, to look her best.

"She studies her silhouette deficiencies and she tries to dress to disguise them. Since she can perhaps buy only one costume a year, she makes sure it is not faddish, so it won't date quickly."

Mackay started inconspicuously enough as the son of a car dealer in the small Fraser Valley town of Abbotsford. As soon as he could hold a pencil, he was making lively little sketches on any scrap of paper that presented itself. At 17 he was attending the Vancouver School of Art, studying to be a portrait painter.

When wealthy patrons did not present themselves, he turned to taxi driving, then logging, camp cooking and construction work. The former June Roper, who sent so many of her pupils to ballet companies throughout the world, found him and set him designing costumes for her lavish shows. The Pacific National Exhibition discovered him and commissioned him to dress their spectacles, built around such stars as Allan Jones.

After a wartime stint in the RCE, he used his gratuities to study dress design in New York. He was urged to stay there, but he chose Vancouver to set up his own *maison de couture*. Along the way, his fondness for epicurean foods served in exotic surroundings led him to open a restaurant providing both, but Vancouver at that time wasn't prepared for anything off the meat-and-two-veg track. He has also found time to paint unusual murals for cafés that had better luck than his own.

In Vancouver, Mackay divided his time between his private customers and dressing such productions as the Theatre Under the Stars and the Pacific National Exhibition shows. For the outdoor musicals he designed more than 50,000 costumes during nine seasons.

Last Fall he moved to Toronto and is with Mallabar's where he designed the costumes for the Opera Festival's three presentations. He is working in a renovated 19th century brick house in the downtown section, where he can look at a bottle green ceiling and chartreuse-tinted walls.

Eastern women who seek his advice will find themselves talked out of their conservatism just as were the smart BC and U.S. women. As one chic Western customer commented: "Stu Mackay makes you look the way you might dream of looking in some fantasy. He dramatizes, often, some inner personality you didn't know was locked up inside you."

But women in the mass annoy Mackay. He can walk into a department store, business office or bank and come out shattered. "Why can't women who work realize that their clothes could be elegant and at the same time suitable for their jobs?" he asks. The inevitable suit, he feels, is still unsuitable if it isn't well cut or if it's doodled up with frou frou.

"Girls decorate themselves like Christmas trees," he says, "whether it's right for them or not. I guess they think it attracts attention to themselves, but all it does is make them appear unintelligent, immature and incapable. I look at some girls in banks, for instance, and I feel that anyone who dresses like that is not a person with whom I'd trust my money."

Not that the designer (and he would be the first to admit this) has made a fortune to put in the bank. He has been bidden to New York and Hollywood, tried both, and decided he preferred to work and struggle in Canada. For Mackay, as with many other artists in various fields,

the Canadian way is not exactly the road to riches, although he has been climbing steadily towards the international reputation which he holds today.

A friend associated with him in the theatre said: "Stu is really a sort of Renaissance type—he can do so many things well, from designing to ballet dancing; from murals to exotic cooking, that he burns himself out trying to crowd all his talents into 24 hours."

Higher up the financial and social scale, Mackay has discovered, women seem to prefer casual clothes. "Maybe they think baggy tweeds are aristocratic, or maybe they feel their places in society are so well-established that their appearance doesn't count, but you can't call them smartly dressed."

Mackay himself dresses comfortably, usually in velvet or corduroy jackets, but he doesn't think comfort should be a feminine possession.

"The desire to be comfortable has killed elegance of dress in Canada," he thinks. "Canadian women excuse their laziness by saying they want to be practical. Clothes don't have to be practical; in fact, during some of the most elegant periods of history, clothing was very uncomfortable, but it didn't make it less pleasant for the observer. You shouldn't dress for yourself, but for others."

He recommends that a woman who wants to be well-dressed should have her problems diagnosed by a dependable designer or clothes expert, who will scientifically work out specific lines, materials and styling that will flatter her and be suitable to her way of life. Once she has her "prescription", she can follow it, whether buying ready-made clothing or having her costumes made for her.

"A basic design which is suited to a woman's personality will," he claims, "be as attractive ten years from now as today." One of Mackay's customers, chosen as one of BC's ten best dressed women, is still wearing costumes he designed for her seven years ago. They are simple, elegant little numbers. She adds accessories to suit the occasion; but "every accessory, every pair of earings, gloves, shoes, must be exactly right, must suit the dress or suit she is wearing, and must complement each other."

Another of his clients, named amongst Canada's best dressed, spends less than the average secretary on her clothes. For her he designs good basic dresses, of inconspicuous material and color, to flatter and improve her figure which, although trim, is mature. These, with carefully chosen accessories, look different every time they are worn, and can be made suitable for any occasion.

BRAIN-TEASER

BLUES IN THE BLOOD

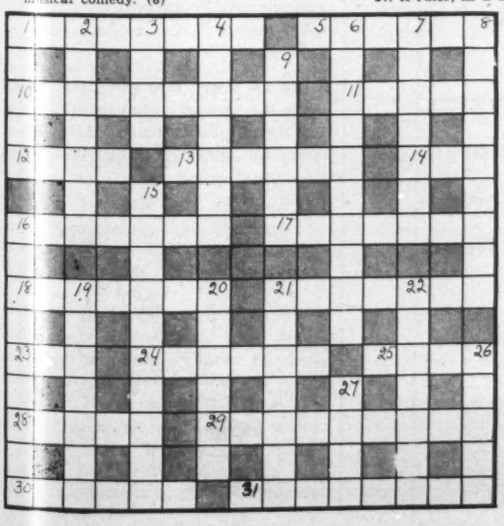
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Leased by Queen Victoria, so she could roam around, not disturbing the dance outside. (8)
5. Led by 16 across, 1914, 1939. (6)
10. Snow fall unknown on prairies. (9)
11. Famous inventor I left in Alberta. (5)
12. A ruler, in a manner of speaking. (4)
13. Took ale to bed, for his constitution! (6)
14. This runner had spirit. (3)
16. Did 25's successor feel nostalgia for it? (7)
17. Did Victoria's little intruder frolic on the wet ground? (7)
18. La Fontaine's grasshopper sang while its inhabitants worked. (3,4)
21. You may be proud of one in your cap. (7)
23. The side of Essex appealing to Elizabeth? (3)
24. When followed they're Command Performances. (6)
25. A ruler, in a manner of speaking. (4)
28. When bound to this, it's inevitable. (5)
29. Not a faraway expression. (9)
30. If they're on their way out, the heat's off. (6)
31. It made Lilliom merry to go round in musical comedy. (8)

DOWN

1 and 20. But Edward wasn't the son of The Emperor Jones. (5, 6)
2. He was taught to be a King first of all. (7)
3. Relinquishing her reign made precious little difference to Pola Negri. (4)
4. Provided a sticky end for Harold. (7)
6. Maurice Hewlett and Samuel Johnson inadvertently named him. (3, 3, 4)
7. Victoria's consort's short appearance in this country, made Australia. (7)
8. The Earl of Warwick, so named, resembles what the clue to 12 proves to be. (4-5)
9. She got an upset stomach in Bedlam. (6)
15. His rear became him. And how he carried it! (4, 6)
16. He was happy to get down to rock bottom with such a dizzy rival! (9)
19. Victoria, on hire, preceded it. (7)
20. See 1 down.
21 and 12. Royal apoplexy? (3, 3, 1, 4)
22. THEGETSWAY. (7)
26. Cadence of "Pop goes the weasel"? (5)
27. A ruler, in a manner of speaking. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Caddy
4 and 31. Boston Tea Party
9. Uppermost
10. Choke
11. See 16
12. 26, 7. Tea for two
12 and 15. Tea gown
13. Try-out
17. Tripods
19. England
21. Antonio
22. Trigger
24. Eldest
26. See 12
28. Spot
31. See 4 across
33. Unshackle
34 and 21 down. Tempest in a teapot
35. Event.

DOWN

1. Crumpet
2. Depreciated
3. Yard
4. Booze
5. Sate
6. Oscar
7. See 12
8. Averted
14. Orange pekoe
15. See 12
16 and 11. Meat pies
18. Stop
20. Grin
21. See 34
23. Retreat
25. Style
27. Orson
29. Bust
30. Cake
32. Rum

(249)

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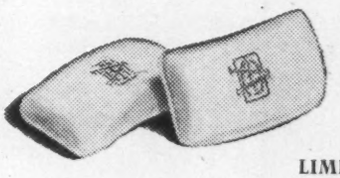

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BEAUTY

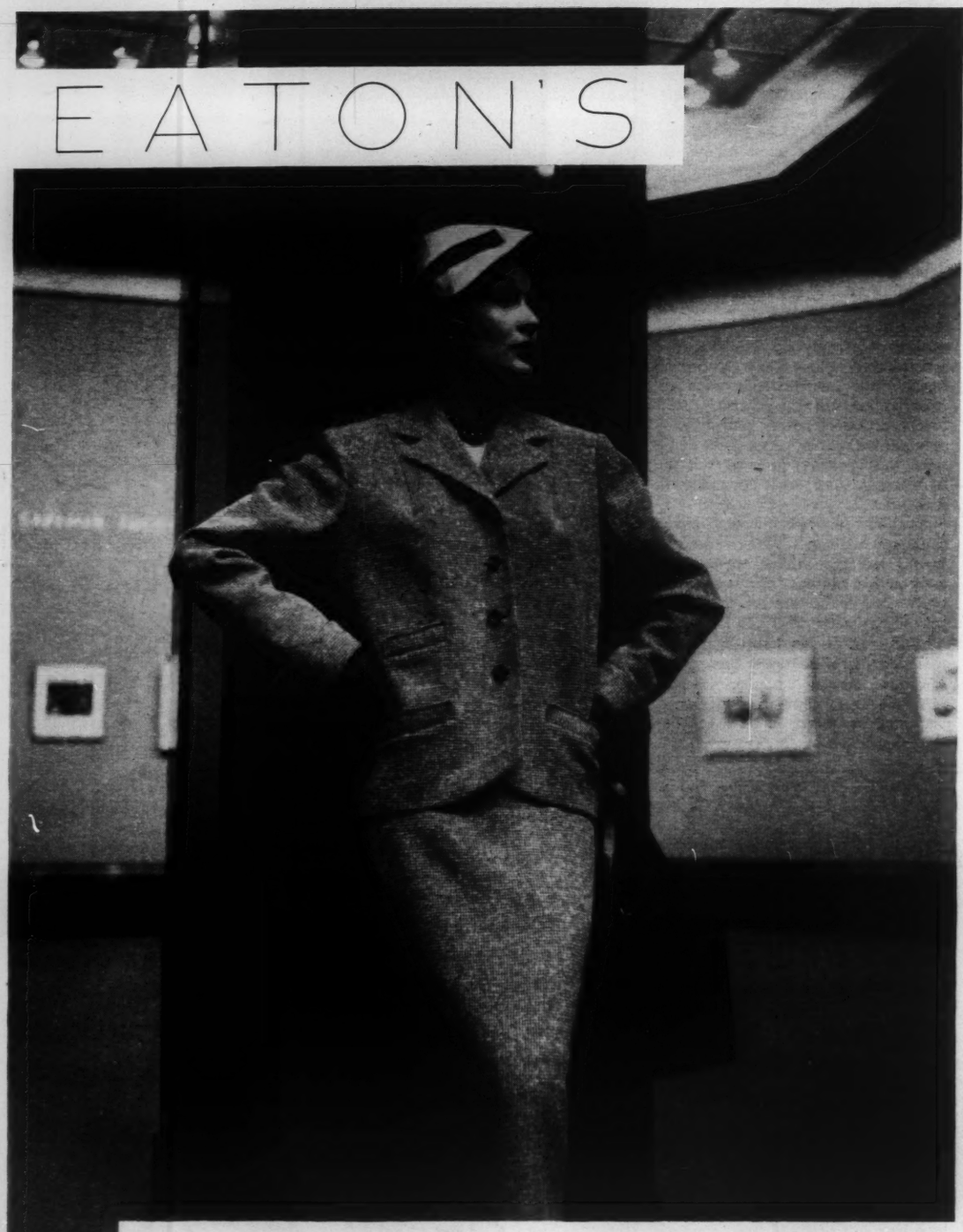
Mamie-Style In New Hair-Do

by Beatrice Seymour

IN VIEW of the fashion talk about Mamie Eisenhower's bangs, we might as well accept the fact they're here for Spring anyway. Antoine of Paris is one of the first in the field with a "Mamie" hair-do — a long, rounded bang, covering the entire forehead. It pulls up over the ears at sides and there's a chignon of curls to be added for evening wear.

Washington and New York are quick to follow this lead. They state, "First Ladies wear Bangs."

Elizabeth Arden advocates her "Angel Swirl". Closely coiffed and with an intriguing swirled top. This



Fashion Clips the Poodle—and uncovers TWEED FOR SPRING. Here, the match-box jacket mated to a narrow skirt that never flares. From a collection of suits at EATON'S, master-tailored along slender lines.

EATON'S—CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

sounds ideal for the small smart hats of Spring.

Whether or not you should venture the new bangs depends upon several factors. The shape of your face: the condition of your hair, even its color, has a bearing on becomingness. And there's always the inescapable fact that if you don't like this particular hair-do, you may have to bear with it until your bangs grow out.

FOOD

Flaming Dessert

by Margaret Ness

YOU CAN manage dessert drama of the spectacular sort with flaming Banana Flamingo. Carolyn Coggins, well-known food expert, picked up this recipe at the Mill Reef Club, Antigua, British West Indies, and passed it on to us recently.

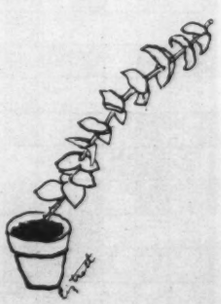
Allow one to one-and-a-half bananas per person, with the richness of bananas in mind. Then when you have finished the main course you can let your guests chat or watch you while you sauté the bananas in butter and sugar for a little over ten minutes in your crepe suzette pan. Remember to cover the pan tightly to keep steam in. Then serve the hot concoction on individual ovenware plates, pouring one-and-a-half ounces of rum over each portion. Your guests can then set flame to their own dessert. Or if the fact that people are watching you has a non-social effect on you, do the sauté-ing in the kitchen, pour the rum over the servings and bring them in for the flaming fun.

Of course Banana Flamingo can be a head table delight, too, when you are entertaining in a larger way at home or at your club. The dessert can be set aflame at the head table and then served.

Miss Coggins is a Missourian New Yorker who recently authored "Successful Entertaining at Home" (MacLeod, $6.75). She learned it the pleasant but hard way through entertaining visiting authors, as Public Relations girl for the Book Review section of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Now she is free lancing, writing food columns and lecturing.

Correction:

We are sorry that there was an error in the Molasses cookies in the issue of February 7. Instead of 1½ cups of flour, the amount should have read 4½ cups.



LIGHTER SIDE

Some Heart Burnings

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE RECENT announcement by the Men's Fashion Council, listing Canada's Ten Best Dressed Men, has drawn a flood of correspondence from all parts of the country. Some of the writers are critical of the choice on the ground of regional, personal or professional discrimination. Some are confused. Some are frankly resentful.

"I notice the list includes politicians, sportsmen, justices, industrialists and the head of the Edmonton Stock Exchange," writes a J. R. Fillingsby, DDS, and adds testily, "Why no dentists?"

An anonymous correspondent from Toronto enclosed the newspaper clipping announcing the decision, and added the warning in block letters, "This is just the sort of thing that breeds Communism."

"Mr. Paul Martin, Minister of Health appears to have been included on the ground that he lost forty pounds in twenty weeks," writes a Mr. J. B. Gummidge of North Yellowknife. "This is very confusing. Did Mr. Martin enter the contest in the Most Successful Dressing or the Most Successful Dieting category?

"In my opinion the Minister of Health should have been scratched for false entry."

A Mr. J. Harris Tweed protests against the listing of the Honorable Lester Pearson who is credited with making the nation bow-tie conscious.

"For the past forty years," he writes, "I have been wearing a satin puff cravat without attracting the attention of the Men's Fashion Council let alone the nation. Apparently well-bred traditionalism has no standing in this country."

MR. TWEED deplored the unfortunate publicity given to the Minister of External Affairs. "This is just the sort of thing that breeds bow-tie wearing," he declared.

"It is preposterous," writes a Mr. J. Z. Fabricant from Windsor, Ont., "to claim that the Honorable Lester Pearson has made the nation bow-tie conscious. As everyone knows, the man who made the bow-tie famous is ex-President Harry S. Truman."

"It is just this sort of thing that breeds suspicion and hostility between ourselves and our great neighbor to the South," added Mr. Fabricant.

A Mr. R. L. Twitchell of Medicine Hat writes interestingly that during a period of unemployment he made the discovery that a light plywood sandwich board made the ideal outdoor garment for a Canadian winter.

"It is rain, moth, wrinkle and weather resistant," he points out, "and with the addition of flash siding and, if necessary, a small charcoal burner it allows the wearer to adapt himself to any conditions, however rigorous."

He added that he had recently designed a small portable kiosk, with distributed heating and a convenient side entrance, suitable for standing in line for football tickets. "However," he added, "I have small hope that it would be of interest to such an essentially conservative group as the Men's Fashion Council."

A Mr. Bel-Hogan also deplored the rigorous traditionalism of the Council.

"For years I have made my own suits," he writes. "At first I used a pattern, but I soon freed myself from any enslavement to line."

"I don't give a damn about line," Mr. Bel-Hogan writes cheerfully. "I just start cutting without much idea and eventually it turns into something. Unlike the Men's Fashion Council, I am not interested in the strictly representational in Men's Clothing."

Another ingenious garment is described by a correspondent living in Montreal.

"It is called the Executivest," he writes. "It is rock-wool-insulated and has a complete built-in inter-office communication system."

HE STATES that he has submitted models of the Executivest to various members of the Men's Fashion Council, but so far has received no response from any of them. "I am more and more convinced," he adds, "that there is no future for native talent in this country."

"This decision," writes a Mr. Partridge of Toronto, "represents a fixed discrimination against the rights of the majority of our population, and an organized attempt to foist a set-up on the community without any real proof or standards of comparison. At its best it can only lead to regional hostility. At its worst it can easily result in permanent mottling of the teeth." (Mr. Partridge, it would seem, has confused the Men's Fashion Council decision with the current fluoridation issue.)

"It is no coincidence," writes a wrathful correspondent from Newfoundland, "that there are ten Canadian provinces and ten names are listed by the Men's Fashion Council as Canada's Best Dressed Men.

"Why has Newfoundland been ignored?"

"I have been asked to give my opinion on the Men's Fashion Council Awards," writes a lady from Toronto, "and I have declined to enter into the discussion in any way.

"This is the sort of thing that inevitably breeds Ten Best-Dressed-Men contests," she concluded.

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LETTERS

Dialectic on the Don

HUGH GARNER'S admirable defence of Toronto (Dialectic on the Don—Jan. 10) overlooks one of Woodman Lamb's errors and contradictions. (He made some telling points too, though.) According to Lamb's tale, there's a burlesque house in Toronto. Actually, there hasn't been for several years—as it happens, since the advent of the "new Toronto spirit" which he grudgingly concedes.

Before that there was always at least one peelery, and two or three during most of the 20 years I lived there; and earlier, I was told, there'd been four in full swing. Incidentally, it was at the old Empire (née Star) on Adelaide St. that I heard Sliding Billy Watson lead the enthusiastic audience in an early anti-capitalist song: "The coat and pants do all the work, but the vest gets all the gravy!"

Ottawa. PAUL A. GARDNER

. . . You have an article "Canada's Whipping Boy". In this your columnist, Hugh Garner, makes some reference to the religious life of the City of Toronto, and writes of "sects and schisms of the Protestant faith." I strongly object to the misrepresentation of the Anglican Church, which is included in this phrase by the writer.

If there is such a thing as the Protestant "faith" (and I do not know where it is formulated), it has no connection with the Anglican Communion. Let me quote some words of the present Archbishop of Canterbury: "It (*i.e.*, the Church of England) believes in the faith of the Catholic Church, of which it is a part, and that faith is in the Creeds, the Prayer Book and the Ordinal." In his book "The Claims of the Church of England", the present Archbishop of York has written: "A Church to be Catholic must hold the Catholic Faith, treasure the Catholic Scriptures, administer the Catholic Sacraments, and retain the Catholic Ministry. The Church of England proclaims to all that it is Catholic."

(CANON) W. H. DAVIDSON
Dorval, Que.

. . . The Anglican Communion has been known as an integral part of the Holy Catholic Church . . . Hugh Garner knows nothing of this fact, if one is to judge by his article "Toronto —Dialectic on the Don" in your issue of Jan. 31. His whole approach to the various branches of the Christian Church is ill informed . . .

(REV.) HANDLEY R. PERKINS
Meaford, Ont.

. . . I felt that I had to write you and compliment you for your article, Toronto—Dialectic on the Don, in your issue of Jan. 10.

I have been trying for the last few years to put into writing what I have seen, but don't know where to begin. I feel if I were able to do so, I could not do it better than in the above mentioned article . . .

Toronto GEORGE GILBERT

"City of God"

THERE have been many articles written about Toronto, but no writer has taken such a clear, dispassionate view of the city as Woodman Lamb, in the January 24 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. He was biting, but he was fair, and what he said needed saying. This is a great city but we cannot be too comfortable about it. . .

Toronto. NORBERT PARRY

. . . From the tone of his article I would say Woodman Lamb is a Torontonian, and yet I cannot understand how a Torontonian could see the city clearly enough to write that way . . . He is to be commended for a very entertaining article . . .

Kitchener, Ont. S. J. HENKEL

. . . Throughout his article one detects a note of bitterness. Could this be caused by his not having been born here? I have visited the Museum, both on week days and Sundays and always found it filled with both students and casual visitors alike. He also bemoans the lack of interest in the "Finer Arts", I guess his guide did not take him around to visit the Don Valley Art Group nor to attend a Friday night Pop Concert at Massey Hall nor has he heard about the Summer Symphony at Varsity Arena.

He mentions the number of streets named "Victoria" — anything wrong with that? Wasn't Toronto named a City during Her Gracious Majesty's reign? I notice that he doesn't mention that we also have a "Lamb Ave."!

With regard to the bars and taverns, I think they rank with any of the best on the Continent. The headline entertainment proves that.

By the way, where did he return to after his extended tour of Toronto? Mount Pleasant or Mount Hope?

Toronto GEORGE KERRIGAN

Proper Source

IN YOUR issue of January 10 a correspondent asked if the quotation "Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife" ascribed in a cross-word puzzle to Scott, was actually the work of that writer. You replied "The Crerars are right", etc.

May I shyly inform you that both the Crerars and SATURDAY NIGHT are *wrong*. On the authority of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, the lines are by Thomas Osbert Mordaunt, and were published in The Bee, a periodical, in October, 1791. Mordaunt corresponded with Sir Walter, and the latter, in his mention of a "crowded hour" may have had the poem in mind. But it wasn't his.

Toronto E. C. KYTE

Gave Wrong Credit

IN MY article "A Fresh Approach by NFB" in January 10 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, I inadvertently gave credit for the direction of "L'Homme aux Oiseaux" to Jean Palardy. The credit should have been given to Bernard Devlin.

I regret any inconvenience this unfortunate error may have caused Mr. Devlin.

Toronto. GERALD PRATLEY

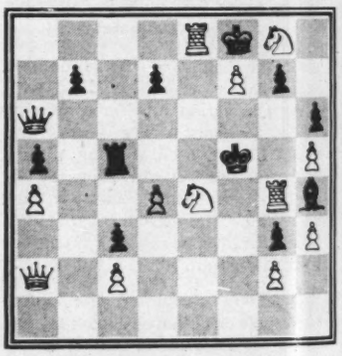
•

Chess Problem

by "Centaur"

Insertion of a weekly chess problem in our pages will no doubt be welcomed by a good many of our readers. Our contributor "Centaur" is a chess expert of over 50 years wide experience, both national and international, and has given much attention to problem theory, construction and history. Those interested may be confident of entertainment with problems of high merit.

CHESS PROBLEMS have been viewed by many writers as the poetry of chess. The noted English authority, Brain Harley, contends that they appeal more to our artistic taste than to our fighting spirit. This is certainly true in the case of the two-mover and the expert solver. But in tackling a vast majority of problems of greater length one must be resolute, and there is, of course, the time factor.



Problem No. 1, by A. Batori.
Black—Eleven Pieces.
White—Thirteen Pieces.
White to play and mate in two.

Our first problem, by an Italian composer whose span of life went from 1884 to 1923, won first prize in a theme tourney at the time of the jubilee meeting of the defunct Good Companions Chess Problem Club, in Philadelphia on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, 1918, the time of their yearly solving tourney in many world centres.

Many members on this side converged at the palatial Philadelphia home of the secretary, James F. Magee, Jr., a time of tribute to him, and in dedication it was named the Magee theme. This theme calls for four interferences by two black pawns, but Batori went one further and got three pawns operating six interferences.

They're waiting for

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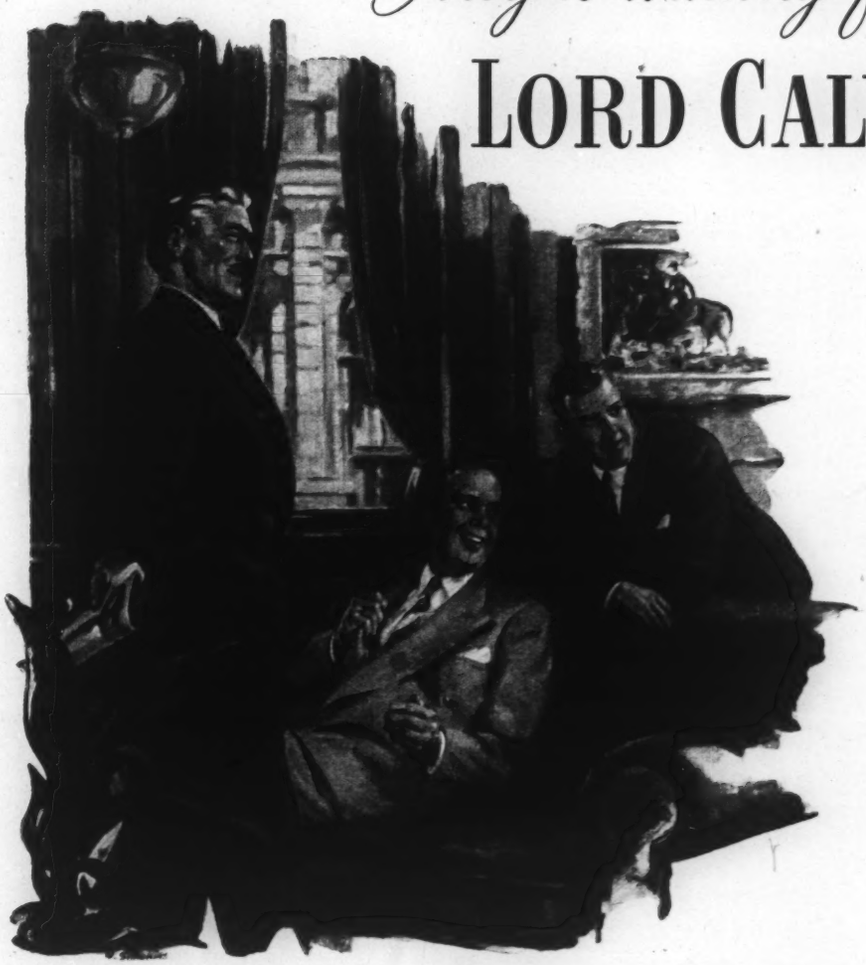

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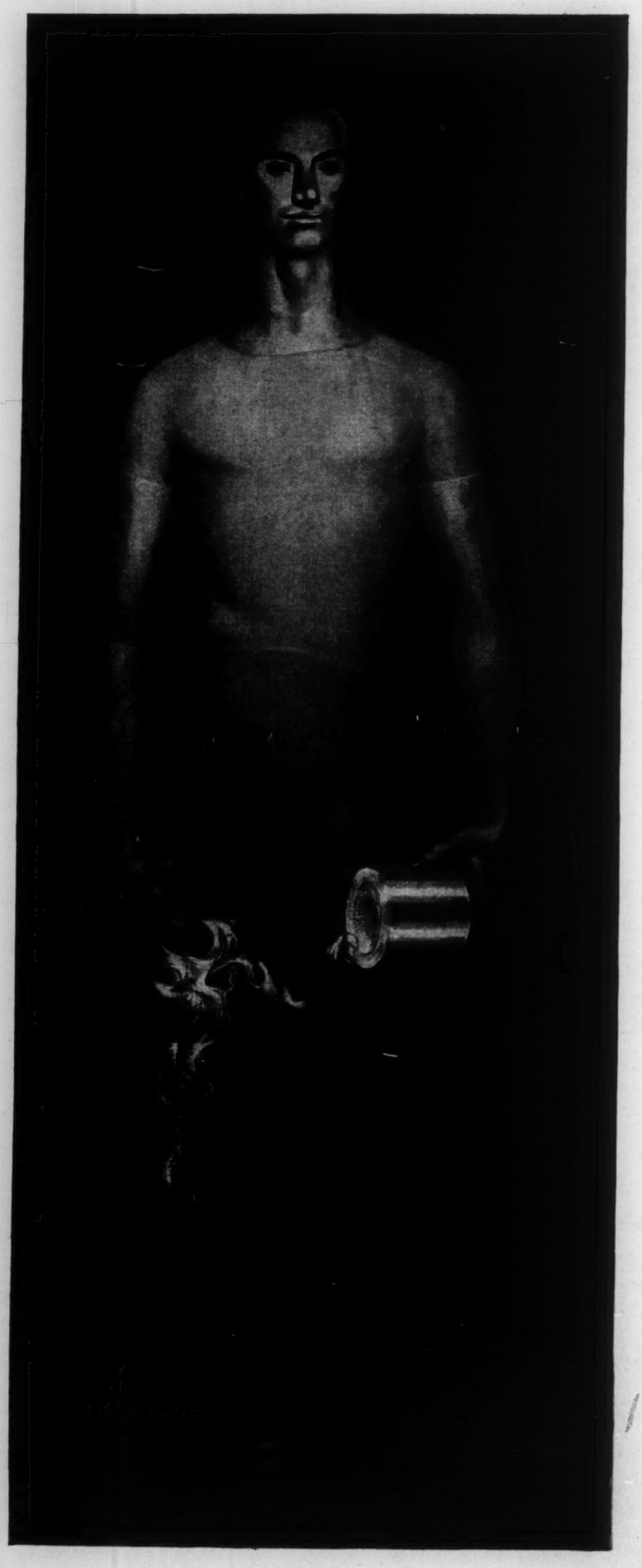

THERE ARE MANY extremely interesting facts about Textiles that Canadians ought to know.

. . . how for example, this alert industry, always receptive to progress, relies on Dow caustic soda for conversion of wood pulp to shiny strands of rayon. How cotton is mercerized by stretching the thread in a strong caustic solution. And how the manufacture and application of dye on cotton and rayon materials makes use of this basic chemical. Truly, it is "the workhorse of the Textile Industry."

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